JOHN BULL 2½D
VOL. LXX 1829

BIG TRUTHS v BIG LIES By the Editor

HITLER'S BRIBE TO ARMY CHIEF

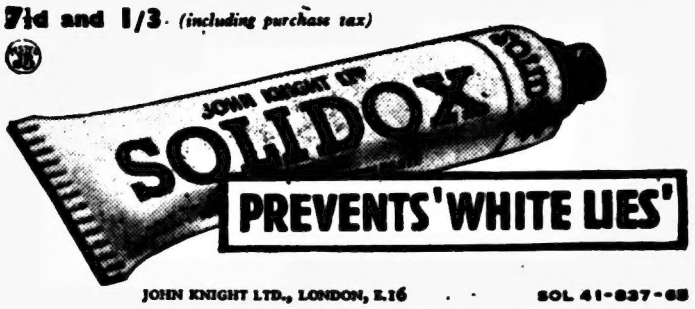
NOW IS OUR CHANCE! by A.G.G.

You'll feel better when you've had a GUINNESS

Her teeth are beautiful—white and shining—but only in front. The backs are stained with tartar! And it's the same with most people's teeth, as long as they look white in front the backs are forgotten. But tartar is more than just a sign of neglect; by pushing the gums away from the teeth it opens the door to many dental troubles.

To make sure that your teeth aren't "white lies," you must use Solidox. It contains Ricinosulphate, the anti-tartar ingredient, and it's the only toothpaste that does! Used regularly it prevents and removes tartar, makes sure that the backs of your teeth are as clean and white as the fronts.

7½d and 1/3 *(including purchase tax)*



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17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS—the GUARANTEED PURE 'LIVE' YEAST WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST **is LIFE ITSELF!**

The Butcher says..

"Of course we can't expect business to be what it was. There's a war on, isn't there? And rationing's the only way to get fair shares, isn't it? Well then . . . Yes, we feel we're doing our bit too . . ."

"*Worse things can happen?* That's right, Lady. Mark you, I can't complain of the customers—not of most of them. Of course you'll always find *some* grousers. They don't seem to know that half our meat has to come from abroad—and a long haul too, in special refrigeration ships . . ."

"And then there's this trying to wangle a bit extra to the ration. It's asking me to get into trouble, but that's not the worst of it. It's downright selfish and it's downright unpatriotic. Giving a helping hand to Hitler, that's what I call it."

Are *you* keeping to the Food Code? Can *you* say: "There's no waste in my household, and no trying to wangle a little extra on the ration"?

Food Facts
NUMBER 47

STOP PRESS

You will soon receive your new Ration Books. Keep them safely, they have to last twelve months this time.

MF
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

DELAYED ACTION MEANS DANGER

QUICK ACTION essential to prevent air-raid cuts and burns turning septic. Keep LION OINTMENT always in your first-aid kit.

Famous for 90 years for CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, ABSCESSES, IMPETIGO, ECZEMA and even BAD LEGS.

Chemists 1/3, 3/8, 3/8 (including Purchase Tax) 1/5

LION OINTMENT IS QUICK AND SURE

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ENDED in 3 minutes

Amazing Discovery Replaces Razors No Coarse Regrowth

Shaving only makes hair grow faster, coarser—leaves ugly, bristly stubble. This discovery, a fragrant cream, New VEET, dissolves away every trace of hair like magic. Leaves skin soft, white—velvety smooth. No stubble, not a shadow. No coarse regrowth. Successful results guaranteed with New VEET or money refunded.

BANISH THAT HEADACHE for 2½d

There's nothing so tormenting as the endless throb . . . throb . . . throb of a thumping headache. But there's nothing so thrilling as feeling the pain vanish—for 2½d! And it WILL if you take Beecham Powders—the unique remedy every sufferer praises. Because of their special powder form Beecham Powders are both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN to bring relief! Beecham Powders act also as a wonderful pick-me-up—steadying your Nerves, banishing Fatigue and relieving Depression.

The Quicker Acting Remedy for HEADACHES RHEUMATISM FATIGUE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION NEURALGIA HAY FEVER COLDS, CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Sachets of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2½d. each. Ask for Beecham Powders. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 5, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

LEASE-AND-LEND

● **Now we want a new Lease-and-Lend Act—between Britain and Russia.**

We are sending military and economic experts to Moscow. How can Moscow help us?

She can help the Allies by sending publicity experts to London.

In Moscow are Left-Wing Germans who know every trick and effect of propaganda. For years, until the signing of the Russo-German pact, they broadcast anti-Nazi messages to the German workers.

They were a constant nightmare to the Gestapo.

Now they have their great opportunity to stir up discontent, to play upon the weaknesses in the German character, to undermine morale.

We need some of them here to strengthen our own anti-Nazi propaganda.

We need the use of some Russian radio stations to bombard Germany with the bullets of argument and the bombs of fear.

We must "encircle" Germany with a radio chain. We must intensify our efforts to deepen the misgivings of ordinary Germans, and thus weaken resistance to our armed attacks.

Straight from the Shoulder

SPEED UP—KEEP IT UP

WE are still the target.

The respite offered us by the invasion of Russia may be brief.

It gives us a fleeting opportunity to strengthen our defences

It imposes on us the need to strike at Germany **NOW** with the utmost power we can muster.

More Pilots, More Bombs

The R.A.F. has launched the heaviest attack in its history. It plans an even greater and ever-increasing campaign

It will bomb Germany by night and day.

It needs a far bigger training system for pilots than the Air Minister has devised. Above all, it wants all the bombs that Britain can possibly produce.

Army in Action

Britain's vast Army must also be ready for action.

Not one soldier's life should be lost for want of equipment.

Not one tank, one gun, one grenade should be lacking.

What is the actual position? The Army needs more tanks. More guns. More grenades.

Fallacy of Numbers

It does not need more men—yet.

Its efficiency cannot be measured by the numbers of men in uniform, but by the maintenance of fully equipped and mechanised units.

That is why more equipment is urgently demanded. Equipment for defence. Equipment for attack. Equipment for training.

Waste of Time

Not enough men in khaki are being trained for mechanised warfare.

Too much time is wasted on spit-and-polish. Too little time is spent by some units on preparing to fight.

Orders Ignored

Some tomfool officers insist on their men using three shades of blanco. In many, many units the men have to polish the brasses on their uniform.

That helps the "spotters" in enemy aircraft. It has been expressly forbidden by the Minister of War.

The commanding officers who flout him—and he knows who they are—should be removed.

Talent Discounted

Technical experience is ignored.

Ten thousand post-office engineers are engaged on "domestic duties" in the Army.

They should be employed on strengthening the mechanical effectiveness of the Army.

Radio Wonder

We are bringing volunteers from the U.S.A. to operate our secret weapon—radiolocation. We are even recruiting schoolchildren for the job.

But soldiers with wireless experience are cold-shouldered. Their knowledge is discounted.

An N.C.O. was instructed in the use of radiolocation fifteen months ago. Throughout the London air raids he was in charge of a radiolocation post on the city's outskirts.

Now he has been transferred—to clerical work.

Messenger—First Class

A bricklayer with fourteen years' experience passed the Army trade test with first-class marks.

Is he helping to meet the Army's building requirements? No, he is a messenger in an Army office.

Let's Hustle

To meet the heavy tasks the Army must face, every "technical soldier" should be transferred to technical work. And without delay!

Every war factory in the country should be producing every possible weapon. Again we say: Without delay.

For there are still avoidable delays in production. Even now, we are not producing nearly as much as we could.

Going Slow

JOHN BULL recently drew Whitehall's attention to a ship-repair yard where men were deliberately kept idle.

A Government inspector was sent along.

Directly he arrived at the office, word was sent to each section of the works that the men must be kept busy. In every section a man was detailed to watch for his coming.

Directly he left, tools were locked up and the men rendered idle again.

Spinning Time

Conditions in that yard are now worse than ever.

Presumably the owners are paid on the cost-plus-profit system. For men are made to "work" an 88-hour week, including Sundays at double pay, though the job could be done in half that time.

So two joiners have to take fourteen days to make four small cupboards—instead of two days—at a cost of £36.

Stay-in Strike

In a great arms works, time and materials are wasted.

There five hundred men are idle.

There, also, others have staged a stay-in strike.

For this reason: Many of the men live outside the town. But the firm insisted that they should travel to the works on their off-duty in order to draw their week's wages.

No Canteens

Thus production is held up. It is hampered, too, by managements that refuse to provide canteen facilities.

Heavy workers cannot keep going at full pressure if they cannot obtain midday food.

Hitler's Allies

Such managements do not play fair with their workers, the Ministry of Labour, or the nation that needs weapons to save it from the tyranny of Hitlerism.

"John Bull" regards them as Hitler's allies.

Slackers

We say the same of workers who deliberately slack.

Such "workers" as the young Manchester men who were fined last week for leaving their machines to play cards.

They had been fined for a similar offence a fortnight previously!

They Count a Lot

Some readers reproach us for attacking the slackers. They tell us of their own long hours on war work. Because there are no slackers in their own factories, they cannot believe that slackness exists anywhere.

JOHN BULL answers—again—that it knows of the great efforts made by most managements and most workers.

But it also knows that bad management and bad workers are impeding war production.

Mr. Attlee is right. Slackers are only a tiny proportion of our people. But they matter enormously in war time.

Snail's Transport

The Government, too, must be blamed. Supplies are often held up by transport delays.

Banish the railway bias! End the prejudice against road transport! Lift the dead hand from the canals! Increase the use of coastwise shipping!

In short, co-ordinate all forms of transport for our urgent needs.

Grow More Food

There is another imperative need—for more food.

Here, also, we blame the Government. Too many men were taken away from the farms. We regret the decision not to bring them back from the Army.

Too little was done to improve land drainage and thus increase the soil's fertility. Are better plans being formed for next season?

Business as Usual

Some sections of the public must be blamed for other defects in our war organisation.

A "John Bull" man visited a "safe" town last week. He saw builders decorating the private houses of local bigwigs.

He saw crowds of young women idling in hotels and ice-cream bars.

Scores of cars were parked outside golf clubs. Motorists arrived from miles around for big dinners at the local hotels.

Speed Up Wanted

So it is clear that not all of us are all out in helping Britain to win.

It is clear that every branch of our war effort should be hastened. And that spurt should be sustained.

For it is clear that one of the most crucial stages of the war has been reached

Best and Worst

We cannot tell yet the eventual results of the mighty battles on the Russian front.

We can be sure that we shall soon need every weapon that can be made.

At best, to shorten the war.

At worst, to defend ourselves.

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Soft pedalled by Nazis is extent of initial damage done to Rumanian inland port of Galatz. Russians bombed it severely before barge concentrations and huge oil and grain stocks could be cleared. Nazi failure to reach Caucasus quickly may react as deadly blow inside Germany.**

● *Rounding up of Communists inside Reich is proving difficult. Hardships suffered by the masses, as victory prospects worsened, have strengthened activities of Soviet "cells."*

● Italian declaration of war against Russia, under Hitler's orders, has hit Mussolini badly. He can no longer sneak his ships along Greek waters to replenish his devastated oil and food supplies from Russia and Rumania.

● **Goering also has to face new nightmares. The acute machine-tool shortage may soon become chronic, now that the Vladivastok leak has been stopped. New war factories, beyond the R.A.F.'s reach, are within easy bombing distance of Russia.**

● *Latest U.S.A. export licensing system has proved too thorough for Nazi trade "twisters." It has blocked all forms of indirect transfer of goods to Axis countries.*

● Nazis offer special privileges to skilled French labour willing to work in pro-Axis factories. Result has been so disappointing that controlled French radio is now making daily appeals.

● **Disillusion caused by Hitler's war on Russia will be the influence behind future Tokio policy. Plans are being prepared for settlement of the China war and re-establishment of good relations with the Allies before it is too late.**

● *A marked improvement may be noted in the next monthly figures of our shipping losses, with a corresponding increase in Nazi ships sunk.*

● Argentine Government has discovered a plot by Right Wing officers and politicians. Significantly, Nazi publications are springing up in that country and demand loosening of friendship between Argentine and Britain.

● **Nazi organisations are also very busy in Iran. But British moves in Syria and Iraq are helping to counteract them.**

● *Belgian Fascist leader Degrelle is in revolt against his Nazi overlords. He wants to know why Germany, short of food, is looting more foodstuffs from hard-up Belgium than the more prosperous Holland.*

● One Brussels newspaper openly admits that some Belgians have "touched the bottom of misery," and that the workers are hungry. Only a quarter of peace time food supplies are available.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(*Continued from preceding page*)

R.A.F. is still fastidious.

Engineer applied for a technical commission. His employer heard of it and fired him.

Despite his years of experience with famous firms, R.A.F. rejected him because he couldn't say offhand the number of locks in the Kiel Canal.

All He Knew

But, thank heaven, some selection boards are free of Old School Tie and examination fetishes.

One lad told them: "I hope you won't ask me about sines, co-sines and tangents, because I don't know anything about them. All I know is that I'm desperate to fly a fighter."

He passed.

Waiting for Wings

We hope he doesn't have to wait a year for his "wings." Some do.

R.A.F. man was recommended for a pilot training course eight months ago. He is still sweeping floors and cleaning lavatories.

"Pilots are urgently needed," say the posters.

Urgently?

Workshop Whimsies

R.A.F. workshops might also be speeded up.

At one camp, breakfast is over by 7.45. The men have to hang around until 8.30 for parade.

After that they start work. Or try to. Most of the time is spent in trying to beg tools. Only two grease guns are available for sixteen gangs—six men in each gang.

But if they are found idle, their leave passes are stopped.

Shame! Sir Walter

For this week's crack at lanky Sir W. Womersley, Minister of Pensions, we choose this example of blatant injustice.

R.A.S.C. driver had been passed as fit when he volunteered at outbreak of war. In September, 1939, he was crushed between two Army trucks. In June, 1940, he collapsed, and was rushed to hospital for an internal operation.

In September, 1940, he was discharged as unfit for further service. He is still ill, on a diet, but has been refused pension.

Snail's Progress

Whitehall should be interested to hear how care-for-the-bombed is still being muddled by local officialdom.

In London's East End, families who lost everything in the September raids are just beginning to get back some of their possessions.

But, as salvage goes on, no one seems responsible for tracing the owners of recovered goods.

Long Trek

One woman found that her table had been given to someone else. To arrange for its transport to her new home, she gave up best part of a day, was sent to half a dozen offices.

Ending up at the People's Palace, she got satisfaction only by defying the police on guard and demanding to see the Mayor.

Defiled!

In Pembrokeshire, a mission hall was required for a few days to shelter homeless victims of bombing.

The billeting officer was told: "No, it cannot possibly be lent for such a purpose. The House of God must not be defiled."

Cold Comfort

In an Essex town, bombed-out poor are sleeping in a public shelter. A parson offered to organise a weekly concert and a Sunday service for them.

His offer has been rejected. He is told: "The Government does not desire to encourage the regular use of public shelters."

Fair Rewards!

There are murmurs from certain districts that the George Medal or O.B.E. is being given to men who did much less in heavy air raids than other men who did much more.

Has Lord Chatfield's committee heard them?

Joy Jaunts

Bus services in Rotherham are said to be inadequate. Yet the bus workers are apparently allowed to organise pleasure trips for themselves. One, recently, was to the Lake District and back—a trip of some 200 miles.

That petrol is needed to take war workers to their jobs. And in war time wear and tear of vehicles should be kept at a minimum because of the shortage of spare parts.

Wasteful Taxis

Taximen get petrol to convey people on business. But taxis crowded with pleasure-trippers can be seen at every race meeting.

Doesn't the Minister of Petroleum know? Or care?

Cause of Crime

Poverty isn't the only cause of crime. A boy of fourteen has told a juvenile court that he didn't know what to do with the £7 a week he earned as a bricklayer's labourer.

Dozens of such cases have recently come before the courts.

Employers who pay fantastic wages to children are doing themselves no good, causing the young to lose all sense of proportion, and angering the half-crown-a-day men in khaki.

Robbing the Babies

Dirtiest dodge of the war hurts the very young.

There is a shortage of baby foods in some districts. Elsewhere, women are buying such foods to make custards for adults. So the shortage gets worse.

Making Sure

By way of light relief, read of a woman who claimed three guineas for a frock lost in a bombed-out cleaning depot.

Local authority asked many questions to find out if she were the sort of woman likely to pay three guineas for a frock. Then a woman snooper arrived to inspect her flat.

The housewife was wearing dingy overalls. Caller coughed discreetly, asked what she usually wore, and stayed two hours twenty minutes—in which time the dinner was burnt up.

Woman's dilemma: Can she claim for the total loss of dinner?

Efficiency—Official

JOHN BULL man rang up the Ministry of Agriculture on a question concerning slaughterhouses. Polite official referred him to another number.

Calling it, he was told to write to the Ministry at St. Annes-on-Sea. Answer has just been received—from Soho Square, London—advising an inquiry at the Home Office.

With commendable restraint, the JOHN BULL man has decided not to acknowledge the dusty answer.

The Railways' Way

Probably the most unhelpful authorities in Britain are the railway companies.

One victim is a woman who sent her baby's clothes, the bulk of her own wardrobe, and household utensils from Leighton Buzzard to Brixton.

The goods failed to arrive. Rail officials admit an error in despatch. But the poor woman (her husband earns £3 a week) has been vainly trying for four months to obtain compensation.

Waste Paper

She won't be consoled to hear that rail companies can be lavish on some things.

New president of the L.M.S. has sent a printed note of good wishes to every employee. So a few hundred thousand notes must have been printed.

Chief L.M.S. Officer for Scotland has circulated a similar greeting on a sheet of quarto paper.

As the L.M.S. has its own journal to announce such epochal changes, quite a lot of paper might have been saved.

Away, Away

At a West Country barracks, seven lorries arrived from various points throughout a whole county to draw supplies for the Home Guard.

Sergeant in charge of stores couldn't release them without an order of issue. That order couldn't be obtained because all the officers had taken their wives on a pleasure trip in a 32-seater bus.

So the lorries returned empty. Next morning 'phone calls were made, forms filled up, and the goods delivered by Army lorries.

Muddle

A State Registered Nurse who was also an air raid warden in London wished to transfer to the casualty service, so that she could use her professional skill.

She has been waiting since last August for that transfer.

She applied for munition work, was told that she must leave her home and go to the North. Yet Scots girls are being sent to munition works in Southern England!

Harvest Home

Finally, may we give you a reminder?

If you are getting summer holidays and want a healthy week or two in the country, remember that farmers would be glad of your help in getting the harvest in.

BIG TRUTHS v. BIG LIES

HALF measures seldom produce important results, either in peace or war. Hitler knows that, and his villainy is thorough.

He has always regarded lying as an instrument of propaganda, and Dr. Goebbels acts on his leader's policy, that "it is the big lie which people believe, not the little one."

Up to a point, this cynical use of thumping lies has served the Nazis well. Not only the German people, but also many of their neighbours, have been stunned by stupendous falsehoods, which seemed "too improbable to have been invented."

The world menace of Soviet Russia was one of them, and the malign influence of Jewry was another. Goebbels and his gang abandoned the "Red Peril" lie only when Hitler made his pact with Stalin. Now they have revived it.

BRITAIN STILL HOLDS TO THE BELIEF THAT, IN THE LONG RUN, TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

IT WILL, BUT WE ARE NOT USING THIS TREMENDOUS WEAPON OF PROPAGANDA TO FULL EFFECT.

THE BEST WAY TO COUNTER THE BIG LIE IS TO ATTACK IT WITH THE BIG TRUTH. WE NEED TANKS TO MEET TANKS, AND LITTLE ONES ARE NOT GOOD ENOUGH AGAINST THE MODERN MONSTERS.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

One basic fallacy—that the truth-tellers are *necessarily* at a disadvantage against the liars—is weakening the whole fabric of British propaganda.

Lord Cranborne, replying for the Government in the recent debate on "the news muddle," said: "Our method is to obtain the greatest possible accuracy in news, and that imposes disadvantages when we are engaged with an unscrupulous foe."

Why should it do anything of the sort? JOHN BULL maintains that truth can be more effective than any lie and will prove so, provided it is "put over" in a big way.

All apologists for our poor news service at home and abroad and our even poorer output of propaganda take refuge in the excuse Lord Cranborne offered.

Lord Rothermere, on the other hand, said in a maiden speech that what is needed is a better understanding of news and its importance *by senior officers of the Service Departments.*

JOHN BULL entirely concurs in this view. We know that the Ministry of Information is continually thwarted by the Service "Blimps" and that their over-cautious censorship has again and again delayed or cramped the publication of "big truths" that would have done our cause big service.

We also agree cordially with a further suggestion made in the course of this debate—namely, that trained and competent journalists employed at the Ministry of Information should be given far more freedom.

These men know how to handle news. They realise just what the people here and in the United States and in every other country want to know. They could get full value out of the truth, but the "Blimps" won't let them.

American newspapers have been driven on many occasions to splash German lies across their pages because British news offered no big truths to blazon.

The first Battle of Britain—the battle for air supremacy in our own country—was magnificently fought and won long months before we blew the trumpets of victory.

JOHN BULL believes that Britain ought to have told this tremendous story to the world while it was red hot, and told it in clarion tones.

NOW WE ARE IN THE MIDST OF ANOTHER IMMENSE AIR BATTLE, AND SMASHING OUR WAY TO ANOTHER VICTORY. LET THE TRUMPETS BLOW! LET US PROCLAIM THIS BIG TRUTH IN A BIG WAY!

What is the truth? Simply that the Royal Air Force is carrying the war far into enemy and enemy-occupied country, and is destroying the latest types of German aeroplanes with the same consummate mastery it displayed when it was defending our own shores.

In fact, Germany has lost the command of the air to better machines and better men.

She still has numerical superiority—how great we do not pretend to know—and it would still be madness not to maintain our output at maximum. But the technical and individual mastery is ours, and could be acclaimed without fear of contradiction.

THIS COUNTRY NEEDS TO BE TOLD THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH; EVEN THOUGH, AT TIMES, IT CANNOT BE TOLD ALL FOR MILITARY REASONS.

But some half-truths are worse than useless; they are dangerous because the enemy can so easily twist them into lies.

JOHN BULL observes with profound regret that our propaganda service sometimes yields not to the temptation to tell lies, but to suppress the facts.

The Turco-German Pact, for instance, was a reverse for British diplomacy. We did not hail it as such. The Nazis made far more of it than it was worth, and we made too little.

Similarly, we either under-played or over-played the recent British offensive in the Sollum area. The truth is that our troops made a daring offensive experiment and had to fall back.

If this offensive was organised solely to test the enemy's strength, it would have been better to say so in so many words. If it was "exploratory," with the strong hope of substantial gains, it would have been better to admit that the exploration failed.

CHURCHILL has said that no nation can win a war without taking risks. He is right, and we should be prepared to take risks in propaganda as well as on the field of battle.

Service censors will never take such risks unless they are forced to do so. They think almost exclusively in military terms.

It does not occur to them that suppression can sometimes be more harmful to our cause than publication of the truth can possibly be helpful to the enemy's.

"JOHN BULL" HOLDS THAT NO MINISTER OF INFORMATION CAN EXERCISE HIS PROPER FUNCTIONS UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS. WE THINK THERE IS A STRONG CASE FOR THE INCLUSION OF THE "O.C., PROPAGANDA" IN THE WAR CABINET.

And, though the Government has rejected the suggestion that the Minister of Information should have the last word over the other Departments, we feel certain that the Cabinet should have—*and exercise*—power to override the decisions of any and every Service censor.

British morale is not protected by half-truths and under-statements. On the contrary, our people prefer to have the facts.

There is implicit belief in British air communiqués, because our losses are never hidden and no claim of victory is ever made without proof positive to endorse it.

But the Germans have ceased to believe the figures published by the Luftwaffe, because their big lies have worn too thin.

The Nazi bosses have consistently reversed our statistics, but they have never been able to deceive their own disillusioned flying men, and they cannot indefinitely deceive the ordinary German people.

Lying propaganda is like poison gas. With a favourable wind, it may prove deadly. When the wind changes, it may spread death in one's own front-line trenches.

FOR months everything seemed to be going against us, and the public here—not to mention the vast, friendly public in the United States and other countries abroad—was longing for evidence, however small, that we were hitting back at the enemy.

We *were* hitting back magnificently, in ways that the British Press was forbidden to disclose.

The Nazis knew all about this. They felt our blows and, besides, they read about most of them in the American papers!

IN FACT, WE HAVE MADE GALLANT, DASHING AND SUCCESSFUL RAIDS INTO ENEMY TERRITORY. THESE EVENTS MAY NOT HAVE BEEN BIG NEWS IN THEMSELVES, BUT THE BIG TRUTH BEHIND THEM WOULD HAVE THRILLED THE WORLD.

The secret of Churchill's power to hold and inspire world audiences lies in his bulldog resolve to face facts, pleasant and unpleasant alike.

When Russia was basely attacked, he told the world that this attack was no more than a prelude to a devastating onslaught on Great Britain.

Then he voiced for us all the big truth—the colossal, unanswerable truth—that all Hitler's enemies are our friends and all his friends our enemies.

THAT IS THE ONLY STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS—THE TRUTH; THE GRAND, INSPIRING TRUTH. AMERICA LOVES IT, AND SO DO WE.

But we want it quicker. We want it "high, wide and handsome." We want propaganda with a punch.

We implore the Government to give us the truth, nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, whenever the whole truth can be told without helping the enemy.

HUMAN MACHINE

Isn't It True?

● **Despite the war, most people are happier to-day than they have been for years!**

Most people are better in bodily health and better in mental health. It was so in the last war. It is so in this.

Why should this be so? Not because people like war better than peace. Not because they are free from anxieties.

It is because for the first time for years many people are thinking about something other than themselves and their petty troubles.

Do you have to look further than ourself and your own family for proof that this is so? And if it is true, don't let us forget the lesson when the war is over.

It wouldn't do anyone any harm to carry into their own lives a little of the discipline and the spirit that animate the Army, the Navy and the Air Force.

We're all busy to-day forming habits that will stand us in good stead when peace comes once more. Let us take good care not to let them fade away with the dangers that called them forth.

OPEN LETTERS

Lieut.-General Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I've no complaint against Army medical boards, as such. But I protest vehemently that they are too few and too slow in dealing with the cases sent to them.

Disabled men have to wait for months for discharge from the Service.

They waste their time and the country's money. They impair the Army's efficiency.

A gunner fractured his spine last August. He left hospital in April, went home on sick leave, began to vomit blood—and then was arrested as an absentee, taken to his unit, and sentenced to C.B. and loss of pay.

This abominable mistake is now being investigated by the War Office. Meanwhile, the lad is still with his unit and suffering great pain.

Eventually, no doubt, he will get his discharge. But when?

Another man, born with a club foot, has been excused all drills and marching. He needs a special boot that the Army won't supply, so half the time he has to potter about the camp in slippers.

Eventually, too, he may be examined with a view to discharge. But when?

I have quoted examples of sick men waiting six months and more for a medical board. And I am sick of them.

If Army doctors are not available, civilian doctors or hospital consultants should be asked to form a board, and thus help to remove unfit men from the Service.

Now tell me one good reason against this course. It's a challenge! JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERIC S. de MARÉ, Treasurer, Social Credit Party

SIR,—Do not waste high-grade paper and fine printing by sending me appeals for money.

I am not interested in their many pictures of the strange activities of your strange organisation.

I am unmoved by your pleas to "give all you can" and "give generously." I prefer to put all the money I can afford into Government investments, and thus help win the war.

And I advise all my readers to do the same.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Stock Exchange

SIRS,—It was no pleasant spectacle for me to see your mad scramble to deal in Russian stock within a few hours of the German attack on the Soviet.

For twenty years you had refused to deal in such scrip.

The essence of Democracy is that "the other fellow" should be free to form his own political views. Some like Communism, others don't. But, in my opinion, both you and the Bank of England should be above politics.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PASSPORT OFFICER, Ministry of Home Security

SIR,—A Sheffield clergyman is anxious to visit his parents, who lost all in a Belfast raid. He has one brother in hospital through enemy action, another who is an invalid.

But he cannot get permission to sail, despite a recommendation from his bishop.

Tell your officials not to be callous.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—No use blinking unpleasant war facts. Tuberculosis is increasing. In Scotland, for instance, the death-rate has already risen to the level of eight years ago.

You and the Secretary for Scotland should be planning an extension of preventive and treatment measures. "Should be"—but I see no sign that you are doing so.

And you should urge the Ministry of Food to allow extra rations for sufferers from wasting diseases.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. T. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—You say you were a very good Minister of Transport. You'd have been a better one if you had been allowed to carry out your plans for reorganising our creaking transport system.

Now you've the chance to be a first-rate Minister of Aircraft Production. You can seize it by ending the inefficiency and slackness in some aircraft factories.

I'm sending you all the evidence I receive from my readers. I know you are pleased to get it. And I hope you will act upon it.

Don't let vested interests beat you. Kick every incompetent manager you find—if necessary, kick him out.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Are you training all available labour for war work?

A lorry driver has been workless for four months. But he can't enter a training centre because he is in a "reserved occupation."

Are you making the best use of the labour you train?

Women trainees are promised jobs at £2 a week to start. Sent to factories, they find that machines are not available and they have to do boys' work—at 30s. a week.

The answer to my own questions is just this: We are still wasting men and women.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir A. LONGMORE, Inspector-General, R.A.F.

DEAR SIR,—At an R.A.F. training school, I am told, there is discontent among the ground defence staff because of interference from the private owners of the aerodrome.

Particulars are being sent to you. I think you will agree that the R.A.F. should be its own master in every one of its establishments.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord REITH, Minister of Public Works

MY LORD,—Is it true that building work is being carried on at Llandaff Cathedral? Is it true that builders are idle at Cardiff for want of material?

And is it not true that materials and labour should be reserved for repairing bombed houses and war factories?—JOHN BULL.

WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE, Hampshire

GENTLEMEN,—You may not know it, but near Southampton are acres of land that were producing good crops of wheat and oats two years ago and now are a waste of thistles and buttercups.

Well, you know now. And I hope to learn soon that you've given that farmer an ultimatum: "Plough up or get out!"—JOHN BULL.

Miss F. HORSBRUGH, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Health.

DEAR MADAM,—You should get fewer indignant questions from M.P.s now you have made it clear that your Ministry is not responsible for the mean treatment of blind people.

A blind Leeds man was drawing a supplementary pension of £1 13s. a week. His daughter, formerly earning 23s. a week, now receives £3 a week as a bus conductress. With the result that her father's supplementary pension has been stopped.

As I have often protested, it is scandalous that local authorities should be able to operate such a means test without check.

"A fair deal for the blind" should be one of our first post-war reforms.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral WM. JOCK WHITWORTH, Second Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—A naval rating on a ship which has been lost is supplied with new uniform, underwear, razor and shaving brush.

But he gets no compensation for articles that he has to buy himself—including the naval raincoat.

It's a bit hard that lads on "survivors' leave" should have to spend much of their pay in replacing personal possessions. And it would be generous if the Service helped with—say—a £1 grant.—JOHN BULL.

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, *telling the plain story of one of the blackest deeds in all the welter of organised Hun horror, lights with fresh lustre the simple, natural courage of British children whose behaviour will live for ever in the sagas of the sea*

Young Drakes Defy Nazis

THAT *City of Benares* was a beautiful ship.

Fast, white, tall, with greyhound lines, she was in steam when my first ship, *Cutty Sark*, was in sail—a Queen of the sea, poised over her reflection like a girl admiring herself in a mirror.

Hundreds of children raced aboard her one morning in a British port, with 3,000 miles of salt water voyaging ahead—along the romantic trail of Christopher Columbus, then Canada, the Great Lakes, the Rockies, where Buffalo Bill rode his bronco. . . .

And far out in the Atlantic, a submarine, dirty and rusty from long cruising, was breaking surface.

Sailors of the German Navy climbed heavily out of the conning-tower, enervated by foul air and lack of exercise, bearded through lack of the will to shave.

They looked across the wastes of waves, empty of shipping. They stretched and soaked in the sunlight.

After a time they climbed back inside the submarine, and it submerged again, waiting for some unsuspicious and unarmed victim.

Five of the cheerful "pirates," whose good spirits no Hun could douse, on board the warship which picked them up after they had been adrift for eight days in an open boat

A Wake of Laughter

City of Benares was standing steadily across the ocean towards the place where the U-boat lurked.

She had coated her spotless white paint with a duller colour; she was not the brilliantly lit vessel with bands playing and couples dancing that she was built to be.

But, because of those hundreds of children, the slender, shapely liner left a wake of laughter as she passed.

They learned boat-drill and had life-jackets ready to hand. They took it all in fun, like the gallant breed they were.

And still the U-boat lurked ahead, waiting for just such a ship with just such a cargo.

Most popular man aboard the liner was George Purvis, of Borland Road, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire.

Were any of the youngsters homesick, it was Purvis who chased them into a game or made faces at them or did conjuring tricks that would have made Alice think herself back in Wonderland.

Was any prank toward, "Mister Purvis" would be pretty sure to be at the bottom of it.

When quarrels began, "Mister Purvis" was there in a moment, with a grin and a droll word to settle everything.

He never gave them time to remember that this was really an evacuation, a flight from cruelty and horror directed against little children so as to "break civilian morale!"

He made them forget they were going to strangers thousands of miles away, with no certainty of return.

Presently there came the fateful hour when graceful liner and prowling U-boat drew close—and closer.

Down inside the submarine, grinning German seamen stood by their torpedo-tubes.

Wonderful Land Ahead

Down inside the *City of Benares* tousled heads rested on pillows and dreamed of Mummie bending smiling over them, or Daddy playing bears on the sitting-room floor.

Or perhaps they dreamed of the wonderful land ahead that "Mister Purvis" had told a crowd of them about that afternoon—a land of rearing mountains and splendid plains, at whose gateway stood a Statue of Liberty looking eastward across the Atlantic waves towards a world in slavery.

I wonder whether the Goddess of Liberty hid her eyes as the 1,000-lb. torpedo hummed through the icy water and struck the ship that carried the sleeping children.

It struck her full in the side, below the waterline, and tore open such a gaping wound in her hull that she heeled and very nearly turned turtle at once.

Hell broke—a hell worse than any painter has ever pictured.

The lights in the stricken ship went out.

There was an unceasing dreadful whistle of warning. Bells clanged.

In the darkness men's forms could be seen vaguely, thumping up or down ladders, shouting.

All this Drake's brood can face—have faced for centuries.

But the torture on that ship was the awful chorus of children's screams, voices of ten-year-olds trying quaveringly to quieten younger brothers or sisters, baby heroes in the frightening blackness steadily helping others to dress. . . .

"Yo, Ho, My Hearties"

And over all the rush of water filling the ship, a groaning and creaking of the steel plates, the whine of the wind and the flat slap of big waves.

Then—the strong, laughing voice of "Mister Purvis," shouting:

"It's all right, pirates. Yo, ho, my hearties—heave away there—here's Blackbeard Teach coming below!

"Keep where you are; the dogs have shot away our lights; stand by to repel boarders, and I'll be with you in half a jiffy.

"Keep where you are, my hearties. . . "

Feeling his way through the pitch-black corridors, the assistant steward steadied the children, thus wakened from sleep to horror.

There was no panic. There were a thousand deeds of heroism, not from grown men but from little, nervous boys and girls who had just had the mightiest weapon of war explode under them, and while the hungry sea clucked around their feet.

Steadily they marched up—some of them singing "Roll Out the Barrel" as they went.

Like veterans from some Toytown Fleet, they took their places in the boats.

Big girls wrapped their own coats round little ones. Boys took off their jackets, gallant as Walter Raleigh, and put them round girls' shivering shoulders.

Moving them up from below, orderly, quiet, still laughing, was George Purvis. You could hear his yell in the dark:

"Up you go, my hearties! Don't forget those cutlasses—and don't forget a warm coat. Roll along there, men!"

And, as torches flashed and as the ship settled ever more terribly on her side, you could hear shrill voices answer: "Aye, aye, sir!"

A lot of those children had been injured by the explosion. As soon as the sound ones were flowing up on deck and in a steady stream to the boats, Purvis ran down to help them.

Sloshing through rising water, he heard a groan, swiftly suppressed.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

No answer.

"Where are you? Answer there—no mutiny on Teach's ship!"

A hurt voice cried: "Help the others, Mister Purvis. I'm all right. I'll be there with you directly."

Purvis clambered through a broken door into the ruins of a cabin, and felt his way to a bunk.

"Can't have mutiny, Ann!" he said gently.

Very carefully he levered off the wreckage that pinned the nine-year-old girl down.

She was badly hurt; she could never have moved alone, but her one desire was for him to save the others.

He got her free and picked her up in his arms. One of her arms went clinging round his neck.

Climbing through the debris in the settling ship, Purvis carried the little girl on deck, handed her over, and dived below once more.

He searched systematically through broken cabins. At any moment the vessel might plunge, but this man did not bother about that.

"We Can Tackle This"

He came presently to a riven pile of fallen timber. Listening, he heard behind the babel of the wreck a young voice say:

"Shut up, I tell you! We can shift the beam and then we can crawl through. They're busy—we can tackle this ourselves."

And another child answered—tremulously: "O.K., Buster. We're not downhearted, are we, boys?"

"*No!*" came a little chorus, with a ring to it that would have made Hitler's fierce heart break.

"Stand clear, pirates!" Purvis yelled. And then he put his arms round a balk of timber and tore it clean out, collapsing the rest.

"We can crawl through easy now, Chief!" came a shout from within.

"Just give us a glim of your torch again—right! Now then, Charlie—you first. . . ."

There were three of them trapped there. One by one they came creeping out.

Buster, a sandy twelve-year-old, had a bad cut down one side of his scalp and face.

"I say—look at my blood, Mister Purvis?" he muttered proudly. "It's a real soldier's wound, don't you think?"

Purvis led them up on deck. They had to wade part of the way, for the ship was now heavily waterlogged

Then the steward went below again.

Systematically he searched down there, making sure no one was left behind.

The water was up to his thighs, and rising faster now. The ship lay deep in a trough, hardly moving.

Flashing his torch here and there, he suddenly saw a little wet bundle crouched on top of a floating table.

He waded forward and picked up a very small girl in his arms.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "Oh—it was so dark! Oh—you won't tell the others I was crying, will you, Mister Purvis?"

He stood there for a moment, stroking her wet cheek.

Last One Out

She was like a drowned rat—she had evidently been under water, and had clambered somehow on to the table, totally unable to get out.

"You aren't crying, Elizabeth!" he said. "But I'll tell you one thing. You must have had a lot of pluck to swim to that table, down here in the dark in all this mess. Well done, my dear. Now we're going up on deck."

She settled her wet head on his shoulder and gave up worrying. "Mister Purvis" would put things right.

Once more this gallant sailor went down into that menacing darkness, though it seemed that the ship could not float more than a few seconds longer.

The water was up to his armpits. Floating wreckage smashed into him.

He yelled. He searched. But there was no one left.

And so, at last, having done his job as a British seaman should, George Purvis came up and took his place in a boat.

They gave him the Medal of the Order of the British Empire.

He deserved the V.C.—but that is not given to civilians who save life.

I dare say he would value more than either the knowledge that, because of him, there are children walking in the sunlight to-day who would otherwise have joined those others whose bodies are washing to and fro deep down in the Atlantic—victims of Kultur and the Fearless German Navy.

Next week—"The Fishermen Hitler Couldn't Beat!"

SHODDY SHELTERS

UNSAFE and unhealthy shelters still cause anxiety and indignation in all parts of the country.

Government officials even yet do not seem to appreciate how grave and urgent the whole position is, but go on muddling along as though to-morrow will always do.

Let me be fair and give credit where credit is due. Since I last dealt with shelter evils three months ago many local councils, including some in London, have made marked improvements. But, generally speaking, much more should have been done, not only for the sake of people's health and safety, but also to cut down the shocking waste of money which has been a feature of the Government's Shelter Programme right the way through.

Water-logged

I have just had an astonishing state of affairs investigated at Bromley, Kent. Originally, all inhabitants earning under £7 a week who applied for a garden shelter were provided with one. With the delays which occurred in their construction, I will not now concern myself; many were quite excusable through lack of materials, labour, and so on.

But the fact remains that many were soon found to be unusable, with water whirling in from 4-5 ft. in depth.

It has, in fact, become quite a habit for neighbours to commiserate with each other over their garden fences, ironically lamenting the necessity of having to remain indoors during air raids—and while warnings are in progress—because their shelters are untenable.

When protests to the local Town Hall were made, complainants were told that further work, such as cementing and covering, would be undertaken in rotation, and that small, concreted garden surface shelters would be erected in future. Thus, for a time, dissentient voices died.

True to their word, the Bromley councillors put up surface shelters and, when they had been completed and left for three weeks to dry out, the families concerned went into them with a renewed sense of security.

Mr. J. J. Tinker, M.P., recently raised some pertinent questions in the House about unsatisfactory shelters

But not for long. Recently, when the locality suffered badly during a night raid, some cracked, whole bricks fell out of others.

Anyone passing along many of the side-streets of the town to-day will see piles of broken bricks, powdered sand and lime, lying on all sides against piles of fresh bricks, new heaps of sand, lime, stones, and other building materials.

This Time Lucky?

They will see labourers and demolition workers busily wheeling barrows in and out of the houses, some fetching out old bricks from the shelters which are now being knocked down, others taking in the fresh bricks to erect new ones in their place.

I hope they will be more satisfactory than their predecessors!

What a fine example of waste of public money! And what is happening at Bromley is happening in various parts of the land.

In hoping that the new Bromley constructions will be marked improvements on their predecessors, I take the added opportunity of urging local authorities everywhere to benefit by the grave lessons to be learned from the further instances I now give:—

At Harlesden, for example, a reader raked the so-called "binding" substance between the bricks of his shelter with a stick and it fell away like dust.

Shelters which were erected at Newcastle-on-Tyne have been demolished after only a few months' existence because watered lime and sand were used as a setting that has resulted similarly in a waste of labour, material and money.

Manchester Monstrosities

In Manchester, countless people have complained time and again about the monstrosities in which they are supposed to take shelter; many, in fact, promoted a "Rent Strike" in order to get something done. Several shelters in this great provincial city absolutely toppled over through faulty construction without even as much as a gust of wind to hasten their collapse!

One householder went to the local authorities and agitated so much that an official accompanied him to his garden. Striking at some loose bricks of the shelter there he brought down the whole structure in one blow.

At a Manchester inquest held a few weeks ago to inquire into the death of a sixteen-month-old child, evidence was given that many shelters in the neighbourhood were constantly filling with water. One witness said he regularly took two baths of water a day from his.

Finding that the child was drowned in a waterlogged shelter, the coroner severely criticised the manner in which the local shelters had been built.

Only a few miles away, at Eccles, shelters collapsed without any warning—two coming to grief suddenly without even blast or any kind of vibration.

If any more instances of this disastrous state of affairs are needed—and I could give many—there are certain trade associations that have compiled startling records of blunders, faulty workmanship and official tomfoolery.

One is the Association of Architects, Surveyors and Technical Assistants, which has just reported to the Ministry of Home Security that millions are still being poured away on useless shelters!

Waste of Public Money

Surely the strongest indictment of the Government's lack of foresight and business efficiency when originally specifying brick shelters that local authorities were to erect lies in the fact that, in a recent circular issued to all such authorities, instructions are given to close down all public shelters which are visibly unsafe, including those built of ungauged lime mortar or lime-cement mortar.

Even in the House of Lords the Duke of Devonshire agreed the other day that "local authorities had used lime water without any cement" and that "there had been unfortunate results and a great waste of public money."

Keep Clear of These Men!

"GROW Mushrooms new inexpensive way," runs a Box Number advertisement. "Simple instructions, 2s."

Tottenham reader sent the money and received brief, six-lined note in ordinary handwriting which told him only what any amateur gardener with common-sense could surmise.

Just a two-shilling fee snatch! Advertiser is H. Dancocks, The Crescent, Southwick.

★ ★ ★

IF you run an hotel or boarding-house, or keep a public-house, restaurant or shop, watch out for a fifty-five-year old South African who poses as a mining engineer and says he is employed by a famous Cape Town combine.

Speaking several languages, he varies his misrepresentations with vivid freshness. Has victims everywhere. Name: Robert Leach Matthews.

★ ★ ★

I AM still being almost daily inundated with inquiries about advertisers who make glowing overtures to amateur lyric-writers, and offer to set their words to music for a varying number of guineas.

Several song-writing ramps have lately been worked from one address. Ignore such services!

HORACE PARBROOK, known also as Ambrose and Gordon, who professed to lend sums up to £200 at light rates of interest, but in reality went from one temporary address to another raking in preliminary fees from would-be clients, has (following my exposures of his methods) now been sent to jail for fraud.

It's about time, too!

★ ★ ★

IF your bell rings, and you find a polite and talkative canvasser on the step with a notebook, bear this in mind:

In certain provincial localities men and women are calling on housewives and, pretending they have the authority of the local Food Office, tell you of secret investigations being made to bring local food profiteers to book.

Putting over the tale nicely they ask for subscriptions of a shilling upwards towards the cost of such inquiries. Then they disappear to find fresh victims.

No such scheme has been authorised anywhere.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MISS LILIAN ROWE, Argoed Hall, Mold, has been awarded this week's Guinea. Information she sent me about a subject recently dealt with in these columns is most useful.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor." I do not mind how often readers write.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

WAITING FOR DETAILS!

ABOUT eight months ago a Middlesbrough reader picked up a newspaper one morning to read that his son, a cabin hand, had lost his life while doing his bit in the Merchant Navy.

In due course this was confirmed by the shipowners, who promised to send full details as soon as they were available.

As far as these shipowners are concerned the "full details" are still not forthcoming. All questions of compensation, insurance, and pension remain in abeyance. Even the overdue wages the son lost his life to earn have been withheld!

The father has written scores of letters to organisations, institutions, and private people, craving for fuller information, and, throughout the months which have passed since the tragedy, has collected documents, newspaper cuttings, and photographs which prove conclusively that his son is dead and buried in the Stellawood Cemetery, Durban.

He even has pictures of the funeral, of the shipwreck, of lifeboats taking off from the doomed ship. A letter from the master and chief officer, and a copy of an entry in the captain's log, are also among his valuable "file."

Despite all this, the shipowners are still "waiting for details." And, until they arrive, no payment of any kind can be made!

I have heard of other cases like this. It is, as one mother says, "bad enough losing our boys, without having to fight for money to which we have a perfect right."

Mystery Without Limit

IF all they say is true, the promoters of the "Physiognomist Problems Bureau," West End Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, can perform wonders.

For a ten-shilling note they can describe your marriage partner. For half-a-crown less they will reveal your "full character" to you—whether you like it or not!

There is no limit to their generosity or ingenuity.

For a modest two shillings they will "answer any question."

Though they don't mind how far they go, or how much they do to help you, they insist upon one stipulation.

You must enclose a clear photograph of yourself (head and shoulders) not less than postcard size. And, of course, your fee!

Then all is well, they say.

"Any questions solved!" Well, if it's 7s. 6d. for a "full character" and 10s. for "your marriage partner described," I wonder how much it would cost to find out exactly what the mysterious person or persons behind "Physiognomist Problems Bureau" really makes out of all this flapdoodle and nonsense?

Please Teacher, Why? Why? Why?

MAURICE FAGENCE, continuing his series on the changing lives of Britain, finds that children are now receiving an even better education than before the war

IN a village twenty-five miles from London I entered a school bus.

Three different grammar schools were represented among the occupants—yet every child was going to one school.

That one school was acting as war-time host to two others from far-distant cities, with all the problems of over-crowding and part-time tuition involved.

Next, I walked down the main street of a village which has a population of three hundred in peace time.

To-day, three hundred children turn up at that village every morning for lessons.

After that, I listened to a teacher in an L.C.C. school.

He told me of children who are living in London one week and the country the next, travelling backwards and forwards with shuttlecock regularity.

He told me of youngsters who appear on the attendance registers of several schools, going to one in the morning and another in the afternoon, and "tasting" a few others occasionally to find the one that suits best.

Putting the Clock Back

Hundreds of school buildings, I found, have been blasted into ruins. Thousands of scholars have been mislaid.

And it all left me with the uneasy feeling that the clock of education had been put back a hundred years.

From city educatfonal authorities I heard of youngsters returning from the country who had forgotten how to read and write while they had been away.

County educational authorities told me of mothers from the cities who refused to send their children to country schools, afraid that disaster would overtake them on the country lanes.

It seemed difficult to imagine that a proper educational system would ever re-emerge from so much chaos.

Then I made more general inquiries, and discovered that I had no need to be gloomy.

The educational authorities of this country have got over nine-tenths of the difficulties imposed on them first by evacuation and secondly by bombing.

Those I had tumbled across were in process of cure.

Two per cent. of our youngsters still have to put up with part-time training. Less than 1 per cent. are receiving no education at all.

But all the others are receiving that full education that is their heritage and right.

"School" may have meant makeshift buildings now and then. Even barns.

But so well have the teachers of this country done their job that the majority of schoolchildren are now receiving a better mental equipment than before the war.

Learning from Pupils

Our Board of Education, our Education Committees and the teachers they employ have been doing a little bit of learning from the pupils.

The most important thing they have discovered is that travel and change of environment are more important to schoolboys and schoolgirls than to their parents.

It was wrong to keep them in the same set of school buildings from five to fourteen—and it is safe to say that that mistake will never occur again.

To-day, nearly thirty camp schools have sprung up, with accommodation for some 30,000 children.

In normal times, it is hoped to have so many that every school in the country will be able to move into such a camp school for an occasional term or half-term.

You might ask: "What about those children who forgot how to read or write while they were in the country?"

What they lost in book-learning they more than made up in botany, poultry-keeping, farming and other practical subjects.

Broadened Minds

And they returned to their cities with a greater capacity to acquire book-knowledge because change of scene had broadened their minds.

Teachers who have taken their youngsters into the country have been staggered to see the awakening of intelligence in children hitherto regarded as unteachable, and maintain that backward country children would feel the same benefit if given a spell in some big town.

Children sent into new environments, it has been found, become seekers of knowledge. They don't have to be stuffed with it, like chickens with sage and onions.

The Board of Education has some strange instances of this. They seem amusing, until you think them out. Then they are enlightening.

There was the London boy sent into rural Kent.

He tried hard to find where the birds carried their dry batteries. He was quite convinced that electricity was the power that permitted them to hop.

And a little city girl sent to Grasmere went out on a pilgrimage to find the grave of Mr. Woolworth!

Stupid? The child who wonders is never stupid. The child who investigates is well above the average. Ask any teacher.

When children watch a beehive, or peer into the mysterious depths of a river or wood, they see important things happening.

Joe, the roadman, who impresses them with his strength, becomes a far more important person than Mary Queen of Scots.

A Coming Revolution

There is one other change the tremendous importance of which we cannot yet weigh.

In the council schools of Britain you will find, to-day, the children of at least five peers of the realm.

In one you will find young Viscount St. Cyres, his six-year-old brother and nine-year-old sister.

In village schools there are the sons and daughters of admirals, generals, diplomats and others who have evacuated their children to safety.

Meanwhile, lacking pupils, some of our best public schools look to the State for support.

Bombing has compelled us to take the biggest step forward we have yet made to the day when there will be no classic schools privately reserved for the rich—to serve as main gateways to the diplomatic service.

The Board of Education is going to spend an extra two and a half million pounds next year.

Most of it is going on elementary education.

The economaniacs will rave, although such a sum would pay for only four hours of war.

But we'll let them.

For the Board of Education makes no secret of the fact that it is on the side of revolution in education—revolution that will eliminate snobbery from the educational system; revolution of the kind that JOHN BULL has preached for years.

Teachers who have taken their youngsters into the country have been staggered to see the awakening of intelligence in children hitherto regarded as unteachable

HITLER'S BRIBE TO ARMY CHIEF

BRAUCHITSCH, the Nazi C.-in-C., had Hitler's promise that he would be allowed to lead the Reichswehr against Russia one day. To-day he is personally in charge of the German campaign against the Soviet to which he has devoted careful study throughout his military career.

He leads the team of Nazi generals whom Hitler has chosen.

It was during the first year of Hitler's rule over Germany that Brauchitsch faced the Fuehrer in an angry scene. As military commander of Eastern Prussia, Brauchitsch had stopped an arms consignment which Hitler had ordered to be sent to the local S.S., the Nazi Black Guards.

Brauchitsch, a staunch defender of the independent Reichswehr spirit, objected. The Reichswehr, he insisted, was to remain the only armed force in Germany. Even to Hitler he refused release of these arms.

But Hitler had reports about Brauchitsch. He knew that the ambitious Reichswehr general was anxious to lead an army against Russia.

"You come round to my point of view," Hitler said to him, "and I promise that you shall have your opportunity against Russia."

Brauchitsch gave in and was duly promoted to the highest rank in the German army. Now he has his way. He can fight Russia.

★ ★ ★

Two men will carry on the air war against the Soviet. One is the commander of Hitler's Air Fleet VII, the young, unscrupulous Austrian, Loehr.

Loehr was commander of the tiny Austrian Air Force before 1930. But that was not his chief job. He devoted his time and energy to work as Hitler's leading military spy and Fifth Columnist in Austria.

Even more he used his position as commander of an obviously non-aggressive Air Force to travel through Poland and the Balkans, spying out the land, noting aerodromes, landing fields, preparing the strategy of Hitler's Balkan war.

When Austria fell, Hitler rewarded the traitor. He was given high command in the Luftwaffe and was the first Nazi air general to be sent into action on one of the missions of terror.

Loehr is the man who destroyed Warsaw; he gave the first example of Nazi frightfulness; he can claim the credit for being the first airman of this war to unleash bombs on defenceless civilians and an open town. Three-quarters of Warsaw are in ruins—thanks to Loehr.

The Polish campaign provided Loehr with a springboard for air war against Russia, for the invasion of the Ukraine. Hitler expects him to go ahead, ruthless as ever.

★ ★ ★

The present commander of Crete, Air-Marshal Student, will play a vital part in Hitler's war against the Soviet. He is the leading Nazi parachutist expert.

Student studied his art in Russia. Now he will try to employ it against his teachers.

The Nazis claim that Student was actually the first parachutist to land in Crete. It is certainly not true, because the first batch of Nazi paratroopers on Crete was wiped out to the last man.

But Student, though already fifty years of age, does jump from the big Junkers together with his troops.

He did it in Holland and we almost caught him then.

Descending near Rotterdam Student broke his ankle and was picked up by the Dutch. He proved to be a real windfall. In his pockets Dutch Intelligence Officers found a list of Dutch Fifth Columnists.

But before they could act, Nazi troops had conquered Rotterdam and freed Student, who had been put in a hospital.

He may not live long if the Russians catch him.

★ ★ ★

The last of Hitler's anti-Soviet experts is Guderian, the commander of the Panzer units.

The plains of Russia are ideal for the Nazi Panzer warfare. Guderian is the man who introduced and developed it in Germany.

He was quick to appreciate the theory set out in de Gaulle's prophetic book of the future war. While the French general staff ridiculed de Gaulle, Guderian wrote a review about his book in a Nazi military journal.

"We are indebted to de Gaulle," he wrote, "for his invaluable ideas."

Yet Guderian's tanks failed when Hitler sent them unopposed into Austria. They were stuck and without fuel in the Austrian mountains. They never reached Vienna in time for Hitler's victory parade.

Guderian faced a proper dressing-down from Hitler: "Give me another chance," he begged, "give me six more months."

After these six months the Nazi Panzer divisions were reorganised. Fuel tanks accompanied every two fighting vehicles. The armed motor-cyclists were included in every division.

Thus equipped, Guderian went against Poland.

Later, he led the Nazi tank column which reached the French coast near Abbeville.

Since then Guderian has been preparing for the war against Russia. But for the first time in his career he will face as many tanks as he himself can muster.

We shall see how he comes out of a fight against machines of equal number.

NOW is Our Cha

DANGER! OPPORTUNITY! are the two signals flashed from the battlefield in Russia. Both are deciphered for you by A. G. G. with the cold logic that pinpointed every move leading to the war and most of its developments

By A. G. GARDINER

THIS is the moment to strike, and to strike with every weapon at our command. For whatever the fate of Hitler's great gamble in Russia, that gamble will, if we seize our chance boldly, turn the tide in our favour.

Look, first, at the plain, indisputable facts.

Hitler has attacked Russia, not because he intended to attack her at this stage. He has attacked her because he has failed in two successive years to fulfil his boast that he would end the war victoriously by dictating terms of peace in London.

He has turned his back on the West and hurled the whole might of his war machine against Russia to cover up that enormous failure.

He must have victories to sustain his power at home. He must keep his mighty armies in motion to prevent them rotting within.

And since he cannot invade us, he throws off the mask and invades Russia.

There are other reasons, of course. Gone are his dreams of a *blitzkrieg* that would make him dictator of the world in one short summer.

Gone are his hopes that all would be over before the democracies could rub their eyes, gather their wits and mobilise their resources.

He is confronted with a long war. And he has not the resources for a long war.

HE MUST HAVE RUSSIA'S WHEAT AND OIL AND MINERALS IN ORDER TO CARRY ON A LONG WAR. AND SINCE STALIN WILL NOT GIVE HIM THOSE RESOURCES, HE HAS GONE TO TAKE THEM.

I shall not hazard any guesses as to his prospects. The military experts both here and in America are pretty well agreed that, on paper, the Russian war machine is not a match for the German, and few will be surprised if it proves so in fact.

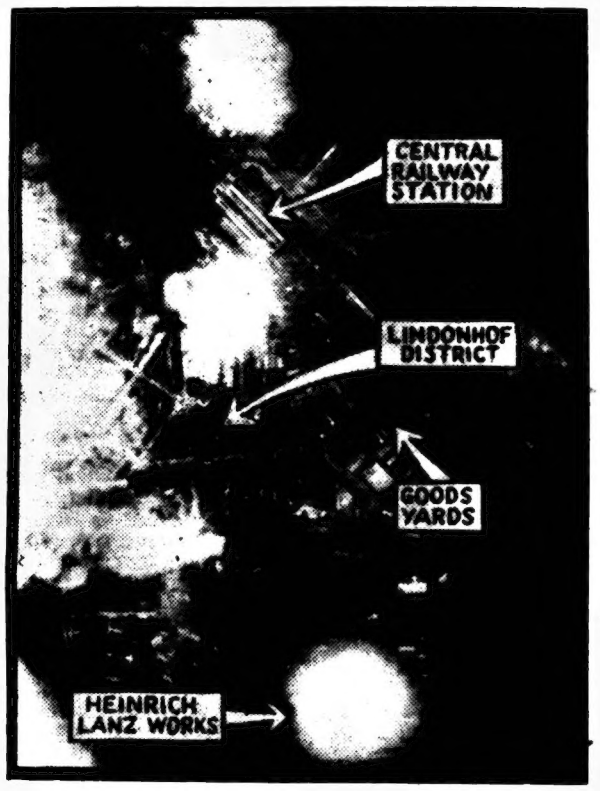
But paper estimates are not always to be trusted in war.

Many things besides armies and guns, as Napoleon found long since, go to make up the sum of a nation's power of resistance. The vastness of Russia is one of them. The hatred of the German race is another.

And if the people are behind Stalin it is quite on the cards that there are surprises in store for Hitler, as there have been surprises for Japan in China.

BUT, WHILE HOPING FOR THE BEST, IT IS WISE TO BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

And assuming that the military experts prove right, it follows that, on paper, Hitler's gamble will have succeeded.



Among other things we must intensify air attacks on Germany. This picture of a raid on Mannheim shows the many fierce fires started

He will have more victories to keep the legend of his invincibility alive in Germany. He will be free from the fear of attack in the rear. He will be master of Europe and Northern Asia, from Calais to Vladivostok.

He will have the plunder of Russia with which to keep his armies in the field. He will be able to threaten Asia Minor and our positions in Irak and the Euphrates valley.

Above all, he will be free to mobilise the whole of his might for the invasion of Britain.

Twice he has quailed before that task. But it remains to be done if he is to win the war. And it must be done quickly if it is to have a chance of success.

IT will be our fault if that chance is ever allowed to emerge from the realm of dreams. For, dark as is the picture I have painted of the results should Hitler's invasion of Russia prove victorious, that adventure gives us the opportunity of a counter-stroke that should be decisive.

In swinging his vast apparatus of war over to the conquest of Russia he has risked everything on a single throw of the iron dice. His one object has been to mass all his available men and material for the Russian campaign.

His cardinal idea is to avoid static war on two fronts and to win by delivering a succession of smashing blows, now here, now there.

With the advantage of interior lines and the mobility of mechanised armies his strategy has had undeniable successes.

BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS HE GAMBLED SO DARINGLY AS HE IS DOING NOW.

Ever since the conquest of Crete he has sacrificed all the side shows to the new objective.

He left Rashid Ali's rebellion in Irak, which he had inspired, to peter out. He left his Vichy tools in the lurch in Syria.

He allowed the formidable attack on Egypt from Libya to come to a dead stop.

He not only turned his back on the Mediterranean: he turned it on the English Channel.

Not for nearly a year has this country been so free from heavy air attacks as it has been during the past three months.

Even the hope of checking our industrial production has not diverted him from his tyrannic purpose.

HE is absorbed in one task. He is out to shatter Russia with an avalanche of power that will hurl her out of the ring in a matter of weeks.

THIS IS OUR OPPORTUNITY. THE ONE THING HE FEARS IS MAJOR WAR ON TWO FRONTS. AND NOW HE HAS GOT IT.

By his eagerness to dispose of Russia and his confidence that he can do so in double quick time he has left himself open to the thing he fears. The war on two fronts must be waged with relentless force. For the first time Hitler is caught between two fires.

Before him is a mighty army and a vast country which, given cautious leadership, should keep his legions occupied, not for weeks, but for many months to come.

It is an army which, whatever the result, should levy such a toll on Hitler's resources of men and material as will send him crippled and decimated to the still sterner task that lies before him in the West.

AND MEANWHILE HE MUST BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH A HAMMERING ON THE WESTERN FRONT AS WILL SHATTER THE FOUNDATIONS OF HIS WAR MACHINE AND STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEART OF HIS PEOPLE.

These are days of fate. We must take great risks. We must batter him at sea and ashore, in the air and under the water.

His power-houses from Mannheim to the sea must be razed to the ground, his ports wrecked, his ships skulking in the harbours of Brest and elsewhere reduced to scrap-iron.

Let us see that this great and priceless moment is exploited to the utmost in factory

...nce!

and mine, in dock and warehouse no less than in the air-pilot's cabin and on the captain's quarter-deck.

And it is not we alone who must seize this moment. America, whose fate is linked with ours, must seize it too.

She has done nobly, but now she must be "all-in." With her fleet at our back this mighty struggle for the freedom of the world (her own with the rest) is assured of victory.

THERE is another field for action. This is the hour when the enslaved peoples throughout Europe should shake Hitler's monstrous empire within by sabotage, by conspiracy, by violence, even at the risk of death.

ONE WORD MORE. BEWARE OF THE DANGER AHEAD. IF HITLER SHOULD TRIUMPH IN RUSSIA, HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO ENTRAP THE WORLD INTO A PEACE OF HIS OWN DICTATION. THAT WOULD BE THE END OF ALL THINGS.

LET US BE CLEAR AND INFLEXIBLE IN OUR PURPOSE. COME WHAT MAY, WE WILL HAVE NO TERMS WITH NAZI GERMANY BUT UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

We will have no personal contacts with Hitler and his fellow gangsters until the day comes to send them to the scaffold.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHAT IS THE REMEDY FOR SLACKING?

● Ernest Bevin warns miners that if they don't pull their weight they will be called up.

The miners have pledged themselves to do it.

Coal is vital to our victory. But why has the Government only just found that out?

Last time, miners were driven out of the mines into the Army and then driven back again—and L. G. had to make spellbinding speeches urging "Coal, coal, coal!"

Yet once again, failing to learn the lesson, we have mucked up coal-production.

Wherever, in industry, there is slacking that is at all general, you can blame it on two things: One is mismanagement and the other is the Government's long-continued blunders in not telling the nation the truth about the war.

The blah and bunk bleated in the air by the B.B.C. has done more to slow down the nation's production than anything else.

HAS THE B.B.C. GOT NEWS PREFERENCE?

● Newspapers complain—and with good cause—that ever since the war the Government has deliberately issued news at a time suitable for the B.B.C. bulletins and to the detriment of newspapers.

This, in my view, has been done with the well-planned object of destroying newspaper influence, which might be used in criticism of the Government, and increasing that of a wireless instrument completely under Whitehall's control.

The unfairness of this is not understood by the public.

The collection of news, its supply from every quarter of the world, is now a vast and intricate system. One that works so successfully that people forget how it started.

It has been the work of centuries. Newspapers of every Party colour have had a share in the gradual improvement of the news-gathering machine.

Newspaper men, famous and unknown, men of authority and obscure local correspondents in the most distant villages of the globe, have all had a part in it.

It was planned and improved for newspaper business.

Then the B.B.C. was allowed to buy all the agency news.

Often, this news was broadcast on the air hours before it could reach the readers of a newspaper. That was bad enough.

But when, at the start of the war, the Government deliberately chose the B.B.C. as its means of circulating official information, newspapers had a much greater grievance.

The reason for it is that Governments hate newspapers—for Governments hate criticism.

Mind you, this applies to Governments of all shades of opinion.

CAN WOMEN USE THEIR VOTES?

● Before women were given their votes in the year 1918, we were told that one danger of granting them the suffrage was that they would unite against men.

Well, 23 years have passed . . .

Even now, sex inequality is so much a part of the system that whereas an injured war worker, if he is a man, is allowed 35s. a week, a woman is paid only 28s.!

She is regarded, therefore, as worth four-fifths of a man.

If totally disabled by war service injuries, a man gets 34s. 2d. a week, 10s. more than a woman is paid!

When women M.P.s—that is except those two in the Government—protested in the Commons, the vote in the women's favour was only 30 against 80.

Now when, in the earlier days of the war, the men were dissatisfied with the first scale of compensation, the Government gave in to their trade unions.

Yet although 2,000,000 women are more or less organised in associations, they are non-political—and so the Government would not listen.

Had women joined their unions in such large proportions as the men have done, this sex inequality would cease.

SHOULD HOLIDAYS BE RATIONED?

● Some holiday resorts in the North-West already practise a form of rationing.

Blackpool landladies are limiting guests to one week's stay, and I see that an hotel and apartments association is meeting to discuss a plan to make a fortnight the maximum residence for anyone.

Well, that would seem to entail clearing out from Torquay and Ilfracombe and Llandudno all the people who have been staying there for months.

As a great number of these people are rich do-nothings who sought comfort and safety while others were braving the blitz, many would welcome this.

But people who were not wanted in the towns were advised to evacuate themselves. And, if you clear them from the places where they are still sheltering, where are they to go?

Large numbers of them are as useless in war time as they are during peace. They have never done any work in their lives.

Would they be any good at factory work?

People will not face up to the fact that, unless the Government uses its much-boasted powers of nationalising everything and everybody, grave inequalities will continue.

As for Blackpool, most of the people who go in peace time have only one week's holiday. That is true in these days.

Luck Won't Help Us to Win

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

IT was Friday, the thirteenth day of the month, and the calendar showed that this was the only Friday the 13th in the whole of the year.

A friend of mine began the day with a certain sense of fear and deep misgivings. He recalled that on the last occasion when Friday had been the thirteenth of the month a relative of his had been killed in a road accident and other misfortunes had dogged him the whole of the day.

★ ★ ★

You can picture his astonishment when he received on this Friday to which I refer a registered envelope. In the letter was the announcement that he had drawn a horse in a sweepstake for the Derby, and that he had a fair chance of winning a considerable sum of money. The horse he had drawn was the second favourite.

In addition, he was given £10 for drawing the horse, and also invited to attend, free of all costs, the race itself.

His horse came in second, and he won £100. After the race he went on to play his luck and won a further £250. Friday the 13th had, from a money point of view, turned out to be a very lucky day for him.

When I congratulated him on his good fortune, he showed little enthusiasm for his win. The money meant little to him. He was not in need. He was sufficiently endowed with this world's goods not to worry about the future.

★ ★ ★

From that point of view, I can understand his not being too delighted with the stroke of fortune. But the money that came from his lucky day created a certain amount of discord in the family and upset the usual domestic harmony of a happy home.

If this is the sort of thing that you call good luck, heaven preserve us from it. And so we get back to the old adage that money cannot buy or bring happiness or contentment of mind.

But its virtues, if they are virtues, are in the provision of material things, and not in the things of the spirit.

★ ★ ★

Those things which count so much to-day are the vital things. One is courage, which sends our airmen triumphantly into the skies, and which enables our Navy to rule the sea.

A second is fortitude, which has enabled the civilians of this island to endure the horrors of bombing.

A third is faith in our power to win this conflict.

All these things are more vital than luck or money. They cannot be bought, and once we have them they cannot be stolen from us.

Luck won't win us this war; just as luck will not enable us to live the right sort of life.

Complete with Poacher's Cap!

I ENJOYED JOHN BULL's ten-minute story, "Mystery of the Mussolinis."

If Brownrigg (a character who was horrified to see Mussolinis wherever he went) took a holiday in Devon, he would see Hitler's bedraggled lap-dog in solid rock.

I preferred to take a photograph at an angle which showed him wearing a poacher's cap.—Stephen S. Pethybridge, Hillside, 10, Abbotsbury Road, Newton Abbot, South Devon.

NEVER has this country needed man power as it does to-day.

Yet hundreds of healthy, able-bodied men, many as young as fifty-four, are being retired from our police forces as time-expired.

Younger men can be substituted only by keeping them out of the Fighting Services—and they will not have the benefit of long experience, anyway.

These are not days for men to retire at the height of their usefulness.—John Barber, 93, Tyla Celyn Road, Penygraig, Rhondda, Glam.

Money-made M.D.s

I was amused at Reader F. R. C. H.'s comments on money-made doctors. But I was amazed at your 100 per cent. agreement with him.

The five-years medical course at Glasgow is no easy matter, and entails hard study. Anyone who has such wealthy parents as F. R. C. H. suggests would not take up medicine and stick it unless the desire to be a doctor was very strong in him.

Incidentally, if F. R. C. H. ever does take up medicine, he will find it more exacting than ambulance work.—William A. M. Smith, Glasgow University Union, University Avenue, Glasgow.

We did not attack doctors. We maintain that in the ranks of the ambulance services are men who eat their hearts out to be doctors, and who have been robbed of the chance because their fathers lack money.

Take These Tools!

Anyone searching the "small ad." columns of provincial newspapers will find many machine tools offered for sale.

One column recently offered eighteen such tools—among them a 25-ft. gap bed lathe, milling machines, gear shaping machines, etc.

They should be churning out weapons for the defeat of Hitler. Instead, they lie idle awaiting a buyer, who can do a lot or little with them according to his own pleasure.

Let the Government step in and commandeer them. The machine shop is one of our bottlenecks.—W. Walker, Buxton Road, Chaddesden, Derby.

Charity Badgers —

Collectors for charities should be forbidden to approach men in uniform.

For one thing, few of them are allowed to wear emblems of any sort, and are harassed to death for coppers as a result.

For another, Army pay doesn't allow for donations to charity. Money wrested from Service men by girl collectors who won't take "No" for an answer usually means less money to spend on sending letters home, or sending some little present for the youngsters.

No doubt the collectors are well-intentioned, but Good Intent has done many a hurt.—Mrs. V. Paget, 17, Nottingham Road, Attenborough, Notts.

Police, conferring powers for street collections, always insist that *nobody* shall be approached or asked for money.

Muzzled Youth

I am a member of a boys' club run under the auspices of the Duke of Gloucester to turn boys into good men.

Being enthusiastic—if not exuberant—we raised more than £60 for our own hut, which we placed in a large field rented from the gas company.

But, being enthusiastic—if not exuberant—we have made a slight noise at our meetings, by reason of which people living near have made complaints to the landlord, and we have received notice to quit. Our £60 is lost.

We do not blame the gas company. But we ask those local people who complain what benefit they gain by having us roam the roads again, and whether they think Hitler would dissolve the Hitler Youth Movement because a few people considered them noisy?—S. Howells, Cwmavon Road, Abersychan, Mon.

Voice of the People

Champion Chef

Best cook in our Army unit (best cook in the whole Army, we swear!) never cooked anything but hot water before the war.

He was a milkman in peace time.

Meat roll becomes fritters in his hands; stale bread and jam-tin cleanings appear as trifles; cold meats are served up as Scandinavian "smorrebrod." We get sauté potatoes as good as those served by the best hotels.

He learnt all he knows by talking to Czech, Polish, French and other soldiers. He buys spices out of his own pocket, and makes a wide variety of home-made sauces.—Signalman A. R., Somewhere-on-the-Coast.

And We're at War!

On April 5 I registered with my industrial registration group. I have been waiting, since, to be transferred to work of national importance.

The call came. The Ministry of Labour told me to report for training for my new work on a certain date.

My employers didn't want me to go—said that if I did they wouldn't guarantee my reappointment after the war.

Reply of the Ministry of Labour: Well, we'd better cancel the whole thing. Stay where you are. The Government scheme isn't a compulsory one, anyhow.—W. W. Edes, Scotland.

Any Old Iron?

Twelve miles from Coventry, I can show any Government official who cares to come down:

1. People who want Anderson shelters and can't get them.

2. Anderson shelters being used to line the approach to an amusement fair.—W. Johnson, Watling Street, Witherley, near Atherstone, Warwickshire.

Duke's Dishonour

When a Tommy salutes an officer, he is not saluting the man or his uniform—but what he stands for.

It is a pity this fact wasn't better known to whatever military authority ordered British troops to present arms to the Duke of Aosta when he surrendered in Abyssinia.

For what did he stand for? Poison gas on the defenceless troops of the Negus five years ago. The Fascist castor-oil treatment. The rape of Albania one Good Friday.—R. W. L., c/o 84, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

Time Off

How many hundreds of tons of vital munitions are lost to the boys of our Fighting Services by registration stupidities.

Munition workers are at their jobs when employment exchanges are open. Whole groups have to leave the factories at times to register.

Their absence creates breaks in the chain of production.

We are going to win the war, but what a lot of maladministration there is to defer the happy day.—John B. Ewan, c/o 10, Beatty Place, Dunfermline, Fife.

We Agree

Here is an excellent scheme which my butcher has put into operation, and which deserves a wide following.

First refusal of all offal will go to his smaller customers, as he considers large families with sufficient coupons to buy big joints are well off by comparison.—A. Taylor, The Avon, St. Andrew's Road, West Hove.

Roll Out the Barrels!

Every street has its barrel in a certain north-eastern town.

You'd fancy, at first sight, that the whole place had taken to drink.

But look inside those barrels. They are filled with sandbags full of sand. They are dry, well-kept. The sand will not fall out of the bottom of a rotted bag when the time comes to use them.

Other towns which dump bags of sand on the pavements to decay might well learn a lesson from this.—A. Croft, 17, Swinnow Avenue, Pudsey, Leeds.

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Underpaid Blitz Heroines

AMONG the many heroic services carried on by ordinary men and women, it would be difficult to overrate the splendid work of the midwives.

Whether in hospitals or on the district, they have completed their jobs, literally under fire.

When the air raids began, the Central Midwives Board were asked for a ruling about the conduct of midwives during a raid. It was agreed that they should not go out with heavy gunfire overhead, or when bombs were falling.

But the midwife must get to her case if possible, and ultimately it was agreed to leave the decision to the individual midwife, with the result that these women have not bothered about guns, bombs or fires—they have just carried on.

★ ★ ★

In a recent raid, bombs were falling so near the home of the patient whom the midwife was attending, that she placed a heavy kitchen table over the woman, and the baby was delivered safely, although every window was blasted out.

Another midwife was alone in the house with her patient when bombs began to fall.

It was a difficult case, but she carried on, keeping as much as possible between the woman and the window, so that the mother would not be alarmed by seeing the showers of incendiaries outside.

In a London suburb during the heavy raid in early May, a midwife was attending to a case in a shelter at the back of the house.

She had to carry on by candlelight.

Buildings all around were ablaze, and before the baby was safely delivered the shelter was practically buried beneath flying debris. Undaunted, the midwife struggled out of the shelter, and with the help of a man carried the mother and baby to a place of safety.

After such an adventure, the nurse had earned a few hours' rest, surely, but, as it happened, she had a busy day before her, which she completed before some of her colleagues from the Midwives' Institute heard of her courageous deed.

★ ★ ★

One midwife, after a strenuous night attending to a difficult case, went to an adjoining church hall, hoping to get a cup of tea.

Here she found forty-three men, who had been engaged on rescue work, also in need of some refreshment.

So at 5 a.m. she set to work, with two other women, getting tea for the men, and not till everyone had been served did she get her own well-earned drink.

Not all these women are young, either. The Central Midwives Board accepts women for the work between the ages of twenty and forty.

Unfortunately there is a shortage of midwives, because fewer women are entering the profession.

Many believe that the main reason for this shortage is the low salary offered for work which is undoubtedly arduous and responsible.

Moreover, the modern midwife is a well-educated woman, totally unlike the *Sairey Gamp* type of past generations.

★ ★ ★

There is talk of a scheme of payment for the nursing profession similar to that set up by the Burnham Committee for teachers.

If such a committee is to be formed to deal with salaries and terms of services for nurses, a corresponding committee should be established to settle the payment of midwives.

Certainly something must be done to attract the right type of women to the work, so that the profession's splendid record can be maintained.

JOHN BULL'S TEN-MINUTE STORY

by
Will Scott

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

MR. PIPPIN settled on Abbot's Green for his fortnight because Abbot's Green was such a friendly place. He had been down for a day to make sure; and he wanted to make sure because he wanted a fortnight's peace.

He did not want to pass his fourteen days in an atmosphere of gloom and suspicion and whispering.

There was enough of that in the world. Mr. Pippin wanted to get away from it. He wanted to spend his holiday in a happy place.

Just one day at Abbot's Green satisfied him. It was the very spot.

He settled, then, to take "The Cottage" from the third to the seventeenth, arranged with a recommended Mrs. Bushel to come in daily and do for him, and went back to London very pleased with the turn of events and looking forward to the third with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy.

"A really friendly place, Abbot's Green," he told himself again and again. "I shall like it."

He went down on the third, congratulated Mrs. Bushel on the preparations she had made for his arrival, strolled up to the *Hay Wain* for half a pint of bitter just before lunch, and spent the afternoon writing letters to his many friends—a luxury he had not been able to allow himself for many weeks.

And in the evening he went back to the *Hay Wain* and had a pint or two and a game of darts with (to use his own words) as nice a lot of lads as you could find anywhere.

It was on the following morning, at about eleven o'clock, that Mr. Pippin first began to notice things.

And the first thing he noticed was the expression on Mrs. Bushel's face. He caught her looking at him when there was really no reason why she should be doing so.

"Anything wrong, Mrs. Bushel?"

"No, sir," Mrs. Bushel answered, confused at being caught staring.

She walked away and got on with her business.

"Funny!" thought Mr. Pippin. "Why was she looking at me like that?"

IN the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Bushel asked if she might have half an hour off to see her sister, who wasn't well.

"I've finished everything in the house, sir," she assured him. "And I'll be back in plenty of time to get your tea ready."

"That's all right, Mrs. Bushel," said Mr. Pippin.

And away she went.

She did not, however, go to see her sister. She went home to see her husband, who had been unlucky all his life and who wasn't doing much this week.

"Alf!" she cried excitedly.

"What is it now?" Alf wanted to know.

Mrs. Bushel pulled a folded piece of paper out of her handbag, unfolded it and gave it to him.

"Read that!"

"What is it?"

"Read it!"

Alf Bushel read it.

"Cor!" he wheezed when he'd read it. "Where d'yer get this?"

"Cottage. Out of 'Is Nibs's waste-paper basket."

"Ar!"

"Alf—what d'yer reckon we ought to do?"

Alf Bushel put his head on one side and went into conference with himself.

"I tell you wot," he said at last. "You leave this paper with me, and I'll go up the village and see old Dubbin about this."

"The policeman?"

"Well, I reckon it's a police matter, ain't it? Or might be."

"Oo, Alf!"

"You leave it to me," said Alf.

AND he went up the village and saw P.C. Dubbin, who read the paper and kept it and said "Ar!" a great many times and asked a lot of questions and thanked Mr. Bushel for coming.

After which, on his way home, Mr. Bushel ran into Ted Spice by the pump and stopped for a talk and said quite a lot. So that when the *Hay Wain* opened at six o'clock Ted Spice had quite a lot to say. And said it.

And Mr. Pippin found a change in the *Hay Wain* that evening.

Old Joe, the tiler, was at the counter, and a merry old soul, fond of his free pint, Old Joe had proved to be the previous evening.

"Hallo! Joe," said Mr. Pippin. "What are you having?"

"Thanks," said Joe, "my glass is about full."

"Well, empty it and have another."

"Only just had it filled," said Joe; and presently he wasn't at the counter any longer, but across the room talking to Ted Spice. Mr. Pippin had the unusual feeling of having been snubbed.

He suggested a game of darts with some of the lads, but it appeared that a four had just been made up.

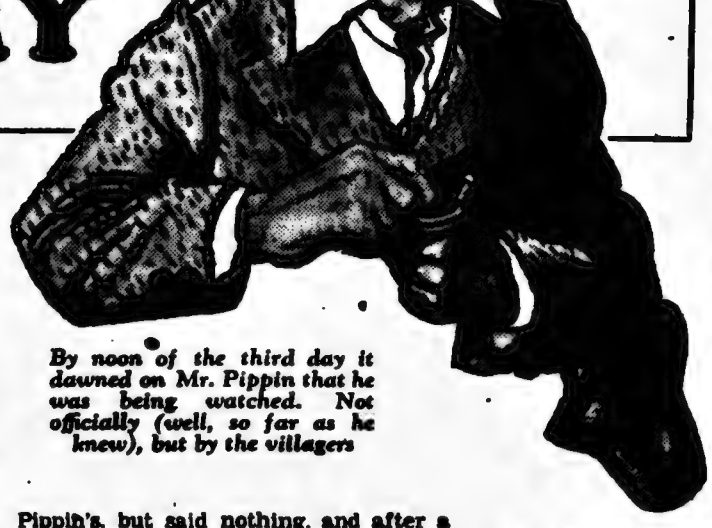
Mr. Pippin sat alone, drinking and thinking. Something had happened in the *Hay Wain*. But what? The lads were not the nice lot they had seemed to be the night before.

They had changed. Just as (he felt more certain now) Mrs. Bushel had changed. . . .

A queer business!

P.C. Dubbin came in about nine o'clock, on some slim excuse connected with the landlord's black-out (which seemed to Mr. Pippin quite satisfactory), and since he was there took the opportunity of seeing if everybody had their identity cards with them.

He had a good long look at Mr. Pippin's, but said nothing, and after a nod to nobody in particular he went out.



By noon of the third day it dawned on Mr. Pippin that he was being watched. Not officially (well, so far as he knew), but by the villagers

By noon of the third day it dawned on Mr. Pippin that he was being watched. Not officially (well, so far as he knew), but by the villagers.

As he passed cottages he was aware of furtive movements at the curtains. Groups of men stopped talking to look at him as he went by. Children stared after him, and, indeed, sometimes followed him at a safe distance.

Mr. Pippin began to think that Abbot's Green was the most unfriendly place he had ever struck. He had been prepared to love it: now he was beginning to hate it.

"I shan't be in to tea," he told Mrs. Bushel. "I'm going for a long walk over the hills. I shall be back for supper. Leave me something cold in the kitchen. You can go as soon as you've finished."

Mr. Pippin got back from his long walk a little before nine o'clock. An hour and a half to go at the *Hay Wain*, but somehow Mr. Pippin didn't feel like the *Hay Wain*, to-night. He passed the house by and went straight down to "The Cottage." He had his supper and settled down to a comfortable read.

BUT even that was impossible. He had left his book some hours before open at a certain page. It was still open, still where he had put it on the corner of his desk, but it was open now at a different page.

Mr. Pippin began to be anxious. Who had been turning the pages of his book? And why? He looked around. Yes! there was no doubt about it—the letters in his letter-rack were not as he left them.

Mr. Pippin got up and walked about the room, uneasy. Then on an inspiration he went upstairs and inspected his wardrobe. Again he had no doubt. In his absence the Cottage had been searched!

What could it mean? *Why* had "The Cottage" been searched? And by whom? Mrs. Bushel? But she could have no reason. Yet there was something queer in her manner since his first day in Abbot's Green.

But, then, there was something queer in the manner of everybody; some unaccountable change that had come over a nice place and its nice people since he had taken up his fortnight's residence here.

There was a knock at the door, and he went downstairs.

On the step he found two extremely official-looking men, who asked if they might have a word with him. He asked them in.

And then matters came to a head.

This letter, which had been found on his premises: was he the writer?

Mr. Pippin, bewildered, looked at the letter and admitted that he was.

Had he posted it, and, if so, to whom?

Yes, he had posted it. At least, not that sheet, which he had thrown into the waste-paper basket, since he had had to alter certain parts of it, but a fresh draft. (Mrs. Bushel—waste-paper basket—that was how all this came about!)

He gave the name and address of the friend to whom the letter had been sent.

And then he was asked if he could explain the letter.

"Explain it?" said Mr. Pippin.

"Read it."

HE read it. It was, as he already knew, the top of the second page:

> *. . . many would like to see the downfall of the ruling class, the final ruin of the tyranny which befouls the life of every decent man and woman in the country. We must work, all of us, to hasten the day when that downfall is an accomplished fact.*

Suddenly Mr. Pippin put his head back and laughed. He laughed and laughed and laughed. Until the official-looking men wanted to know what the idea was.

"Listen," said Mr. Pippin. "I will telephone my friend now and ask him to send you the complete letter, if you will kindly give me your address to pass on to him. Scotland Yard, is it? Or where?"

Twenty-four hours later, in an official-looking room, the two official-looking men sat side by side, fitting together the end of page one and the beginning of page two of Mr. Pippin's letter:

> *I think there is no doubt that millions of people in Germany would like to see the downfall of the ruling class, the final ruin of the tyranny which befouls the life of every decent man and woman in the country. We must work, all of us, to hasten the day when that downfall is an accomplished fact.*

For the rest of his fortnight in Abbot's Green nobody stared at Mr. Pippin.

Everybody stared, instead, at Mrs. Bushel, when the word got round.

And Mrs. Bushel didn't like it.

MEN OF *COOL* COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

When a man's 'on his toes'—cool and alert at all hours, he claims cool contentment in moments that are his own. So Bondman's his choice for a fragrant pipe — *cool* and satisfying. It'll be yours — once you've tried it!

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/5½ per oz.

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1
regds

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.
THEN—Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. . . Prices 10½d and 1/6½d including purchase tax.

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

2568

In the bad old days before the blitz
I drank bubbly at the Ritz
Now on a Warden's humble pay
I have to find a cheaper way
But I get just the same delight
From drinking Bulmer's every night

Bulmer's Cider

★Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

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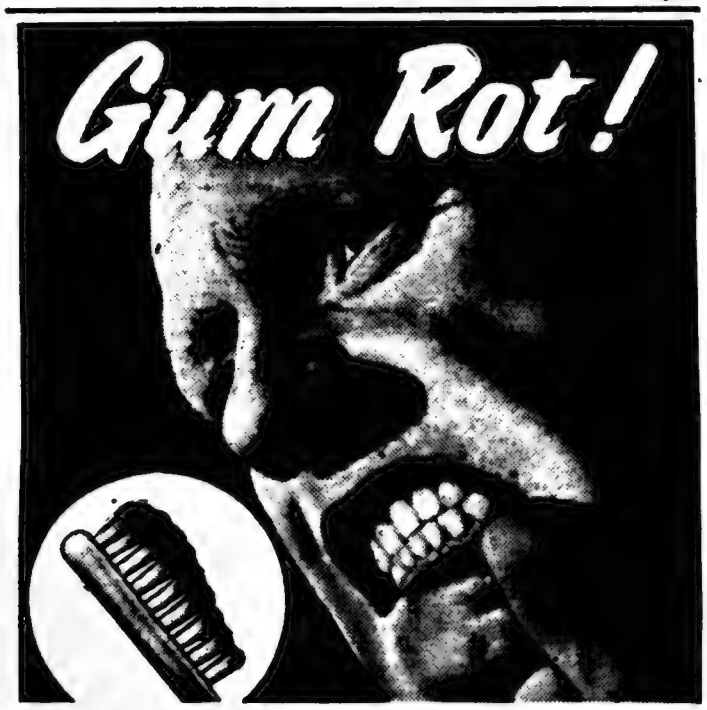

Blood on your brush
means danger . . .

It warns you of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). To stop this, use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. The Sodium Ricinoleate it contains is what your own dentist uses for gum treatment. Use Gibbs S.R. *regularly* and keep firm, healthy gums.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

7½d & 1/6

SR 109-9-65

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., ISLEWORTH

PHOSFERINE has produced wonderful results

despite long hours of night work.

C.M., of Morden, Surrey, writes: "Both myself and my wife have benefited by Phosferine. I am on night work and have to work long hours, and I have been suffering from fatigue and nervous strain, but Phosferine has produced wonderful results." Ask your chemist for a bottle of this really great tonic to-day!

PHOSFERINE (Tablets or Liquid), 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (including Purchase Tax). *Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.*

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D

HUMANIST explodes the widely held view that an inferiority complex must necessarily lead to failure in life. Many readers who suffer from it will take courage from this week's article

He is sensitive and affectionate by nature, but that east-wind home is shrivelling his spirit

Inferiority is Not a Complex!

AT least a dozen readers every week, telling me they suffer from an inferiority complex, ask why I do not write about it.

There are two reasons. The first is that I dislike the expression. The feeling of inferiority is common enough, but it is not a "complex" at all.

The second is that in nine cases out of ten it does little harm.

Nearly all of us have a streak of it in our mental make-up. Certainly all decent people have it.

The danger is only serious when it becomes an obsession.

Here's a sad letter from a mother. Her ten-year-old son was evacuated, and at first, she writes, she thought he was happy:

It is a lovely house, and the boy gets plenty of good food; but, Humanist, they never speak to the lad at all!

He has always been exceptionally good, and is well liked by everybody. I made a real pal of him.

He has always been so helpful about the home, especially when there is sickness.

Last Christmas he broke down and cried as he has never done in his life. He didn't tell me the reason. He couldn't. He had been heart-broken so long.

The other boy evacuee told me, "They never speak to him."

When the two boys were sitting at the other side of the room, they would say "Bring your chair nearer the fire, John" (meaning the other boy), but they would not invite mine.

At bedtime they would say "Good-night, John," but my boy had to go off without a word from them. It is so inhuman.

We have taken them presents, bought the boy everything he needs, and pay for our board on our visits just as if we were in digs.

My boy hardly speaks now. When he does he mumbles. He can't make conversation at all—just answers "Yes" and "No." He is so shy and so frightened.

The last time I was there he told me he would rather be crippled or blinded or killed than stay there.

What can I do? It would not be right to bring him back to a blitzed town, but if he stays there he will be ruined for life. He has got an awful inferiority complex.

What is the good of a beautifully furnished home, good food, and all sorts of material comforts, if the lad is living in that atmosphere of frigid cruelty?

If I were his father, I should prefer to see him roughing it in a barn and eating food off an old newspaper.

No doubt he sits at a good table with finely laundered linen, serviettes, and the rest of it.

No doubt he is waited upon by a maid in uniform; no doubt he is privileged to hear improving conversation in educated accents.

But the poor lad is being deliberately tortured. He is spiritually frozen.

At his age he should be laughing, shouting, and dancing for the joy of being alive.

What he needs is an occasional smile, a kindly word, and the chance to be himself.

He is sensitive and affectionate by nature. But that east-wind home is shrivelling his spirit.

It is surprising he has not run away.

I cannot advise the mother to take him back to the danger zone, but he should be transferred to a place where he would be treated with decent humanity.

THE same problem is cited by a father of three boys, who writes:

All my life I have suffered from an inferiority complex, and I don't want my sons to have the same handicap.

Will you tell me what causes this trouble, and what is the best cure for it?

I want my lads to have force of character and personality.

I don't want them to go through life scared of other people and without faith in themselves.

At present they are healthy young animals, but the eldest will soon be in his teens, and I am told that this is the time when the troubles set in.

The so-called inferiority complex begins in infancy, and what is wanted is a preventive rather than a cure.

If the trouble has already begun, it is not easy to prescribe a remedy.

The chief causes are excessive coddling, over-strict discipline, bullying, sarcasm, ridicule, and any form of mental or physical cruelty—anything that makes a child feel "small" or helpless.

It is cured by facing the facts about oneself.

That implies ridding the mind of illusions and fantasies. Self-pity is a deadly enemy of self-confidence.

If a boy wants a thing, let him work for it instead of whining for it.

If it is beyond his reach, let him admit the fact bravely and cheerfully.

This is the healthy attitude to life.

The man who nurses a secret grievance because the whole universe does not revolve around himself as the all-important centre, has not grown up, and probably never will.

READER Number Three asks two admirably brief questions:

Can you tell me why it is that all women have an inferiority complex?

Will you be good enough to tell me the names of any good books upon the subject?

I am not convinced that all women have a sense of inferiority.

It is always dangerous to make these sweeping general statements.

I imagine there are as many exhibitionists among women as among men.

It is not my business to advertise books, but I have sent the writer the names of several useful ones, and I can do the same for any other reader who sends a stamped envelope.

FINALLY, here is a letter that may arouse interest and perhaps a little controversy:

As an Englishman I have been surprised at the outstanding number of Irish names in the awards for gallantry in air raids.

It was recently stated that a large percentage of our brave nursing sisters are Irish by birth, and it is easy to see that the A.R.P. services and the Police Force are sprinkled with Irish people.

Many of our naval and military leaders are Irish, too; and Londoners know that a great many of the charming girls who serve meals in public dining-rooms and cafés are also from Eire.

In my opinion, we owe the Irish folk in England a sincere debt of gratitude for help given in the battle for freedom.

Eire is neutral, we know, but there are a great many Irish whose sympathy is shown by their actions.

That is a comment I print without prejudice, but with pleasure.

UNFATHOMABLE OUTPUT

WE can measure most things that come our way and size them up shrewdly, too, but the measurement of men's hearts and souls ever hold dimensions new; for an unguessed inch reveals some power we have neither probed nor known, thus by the laughter of common men can a dictator be overthrown, for while armies range against dark might, and rivers of blood flow swift, into the horror of it all comes the man with the priceless gift, the laugh that brings fresh encouragement till spent men try once more, and in their final effort comes the sudden end of war!

AND it is this immeasurable output that will lift the world again, out of the awful conflict which evilness tries to explain, as an order which will subjugate all peoples to one man's power, but this strategy of the devil will wane with each moving hour, for men and women everywhere are giving that extra ell of the Fabric of the Spirit which will outweave the cloths of hell, which will spin the shrouds of those whose hate towards mankind now thrives, for the output of the soul will build the Freedom that survives.

AND so our men who fight can be assured of this big fact, that the workers will not break their faith, for they have forged a pact, with all their hearts' endeavour and all their courage strong, to work until they drop and still to smile nor call it long. They will conduct this battle of effort grim and hard wage it in shop and airfield, in each mine and marshalling yard, and this unfathomable output, this breadth of their soul's strength, this fibre of Faith and Decency will support the unfathomable length of human belief in liberty which will survive this mammoth fight, for this is God's Sure Establishment that men's hearts turn towards the RIGHT.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Little Sheila Mullen, of South Shields, has just lost her father. He joined up immediately war came, but was discharged last December—suffering from cancer.

An operation proved useless and he died.

His widow and child are terribly poor.

Rent of 8s. a week must be found, hire purchase of furniture paid, and the doctor's bill settled.

Will you send a donation to enable Mrs. Mullen to make a fresh start in life and to fend for her small daughter?

Donations earmarked "Sheila" or for our General Fund should be sent to the Secretary, "John Bull" War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administrative expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"Tell me, doctor... *is it really true that a pin-prick could cause blood-poisoning?*"

Whenever the skin is broken, however slightly, there is always a risk of infection. Against this constant menace modern science has provided a weapon – the modern antiseptic 'Dettol'.

To the germs that cause and spread septic infection 'Dettol' is a swift and ruthless killer. To you, and to the delicate tissue cells which the germs attack, it is just a clean, clear, non-poisonous fluid. Agreeable to use, pleasant to smell — it will not even stain linen, and yet germicidally it is three times more effective than pure carbolic acid.

Be on the safe side. Keep 'Dettol' always handy. On the cut or scratch that may fester, or when infectious illness threatens, use it promptly. Your doctor knows all about 'Dettol'.

MINOR INJURIES: Cleanse the injury and surrounding skin with cottonwool or gauze dipped in a mixture of a tablespoonful of 'Dettol' with a tumblerful of water; then cover with dry gauze or lint.

HANDS: Before and after treating a wound or attending to an infectious case, wash your hands with a 5% solution of 'Dettol' in water (4 tablespoonsful to 1 quart of water).

From all Chemists

DETTOL

TRADE MARK

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 2/3.

Pain can't live with

PROPAX

Propax kills pain in a few minutes: then rids your system of the *cause*. Swift, safe, certain; the sure 'double-action' treatment for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nerve pains.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists.

1/5 & 2/6

Landgirls' Landlady

BOILING CLOTHES HAD HER BEAT . . . . BUT HELP CAME WITH THE MORNING'S MILK

By a Special Correspondent

NOT all the women in the Land Army are able to live at the farms on which they work, and it is not easy to find "digs" in the country.

I interviewed two landgirls who are lucky. They've got rooms in a cottage that's only ten minutes' walk from the farm where they work.

I called on their landlady. She told me that it had been touch and go the Monday before whether she kept her lodgers or not.

It seems that, after they'd left for the farm on Monday morning, she'd sat down and cried. She'd decided she'd have to give them notice that night. It was all the fault of the washing.

"Boiling and rubbing and bending over the copper just about kill me," she said. "After the washing I'd be so done up I'd be fit for nothing in the evening. So my husband said the girls must go."

She told me she sat in the washhouse with the tears dropping on the clothes she was sorting. And that was how the woman who delivers the milk these days found her—crying.

"Whatever's up?" the milkwoman had said, sympathetically. And at that the landlady poured out her troubles about how she'd have to give up her landgirls because she couldn't cope with the washing.

"WHAT a bit of luck I came along when I did," said the milkwoman. "Every Monday I've longed to tell you you're only *making* work for yourself—that *boiling* clothes isn't necessary. Why don't you *soak* them clean in Rinso? I haven't boiled clothes for years."

Well, the landlady said that soaking was all right for some things, but whites had to be boiled to keep them white. But the milkwoman declared that was just an old wives' tale.

"I was desperate," said the landlady, "so I gave in. I made up some good Rinso suds and put the clothes to soak in them for 15 to 20 minutes."

"It was all so easy I never thought it would work. But to my surprise," said the landlady, "the things came out a treat. I got them all on the line a good hour and a half earlier than usual. And I wasn't tired a bit. I save money with it, too. You see, you don't burn half the coal you normally would."

"Tell me," I said. "Did your landgirls know how near they came to getting notice?"

"Yes, I told them," she said, "and they gave three cheers for Rinso. 'We'd *die* if we had to leave you,' they said."

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 5085-3432 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1 They guard against infection.
2 They promote sturdy growth: strengthen the bones and teeth: prevent rickets.
3 They help to keep the skin and hair healthy.
4 They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA now contains the Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d., half-lb. 9½d.

A sparkling smile and you're happy ever after! It's Irium gives you a smile worth smiling — fascinating, brilliant. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser—and it *is* a cleanser! Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT

THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

P.C.'s IDEA OF A LITTLE REST!

COURAGE calls at odd hours. Just when those on its list settle themselves to take it easy, destiny pipes another tune—and they respond.

That's how it was with Police-Constable John Scott the night the Nazis dropped their eggs round his way.

Off duty, glad to get his uniform off, relishing the untrammelled comfort of civilian clothes. . . .

Then the packets of H.E. zumphed down.

Once a policeman, always a policeman.

John Scott sprinted over a prairie of broken glass and shattered masonry to where the dust clouds hung thick and heavy. A house had been crumpled as if by a giant's fist. The weight of the collapsed roof threatened to bring down the rest of the building, pulverising it into a dust-heap.

Scott looked at it with a shrewd policeman's eye.

He peeled off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, got down to it.

With a defiant razz at the precarious roof, he went into what had once been a home.

A wall came down with a crumbling crash of slithering, smashing bricks.

His slight extra weight on the floorboards had made all the difference.

In the blinding pall of dust it took Scott five tense minutes to find the first casualty, crouched semi-conscious in a corner. He carried him out, to the arms of willing helpers, took a clean gulp of the outer air.

Back in the ruins the acrid mingled fumes of exploded bombs, the sweetness of coal gas made him retch.

"I can't stick it!" he thought.

Yet he carried on.

Other would-be rescuers came in, were overcome by the fumes and cloying dust.

Scott carried them out.

As he searched for more casualties, the floor-beams above him snapped under the roof-pressure and brought down a further weight of partitions and plaster.

Frenziedly, frantically, he fought through the tangled mass of joists and breeze blocks.

He knew there were still more people trapped in the debris.

One was held fast under the staircase. Ripping away the wood with his bare hands, Scott brought him safely out.

Back he went, again and again.

Other helpers still tried, but were driven back by the appalling blanket of poisonous gas and suffocating dust in which John Scott survived only by the will to win.

Before he staggered out with the last casualty he was in a state of collapse. Yet he grinned at the ambulance men.

"All I want," he said, "is a good cup of tea!"

"His efforts were really superhuman," testified the witnesses who saw to it that John Scott's bravery was brought to the notice of the highest authorities.

Superhuman!

That's the ticket for all these Knights of the Blitz.

★ ★ ★

IN a Midlands town, Auxiliary Fireman Frank Collier stayed in action when even heroes like the police and rescue squadsmen had gone to ground.

Houses had been demolished and set ablaze by bombs. Collier was one of the crew of a trailer pump brought up to the smoking ruins who started to dig the buried people out.

Then a second wave of bombers came over.

● *HEROES UNLIMITED: Here's another batch of stories from the rubble and dust of the blitz, gems of bravery tucked away in formal official records of ordinary people of Britain in battle*

The ground shook as the ack-ack went into action and the bombs streaked down. The streets rustled to the sting of innumerable shell splinters.

It was one of those hectic moments when anyone would have been afraid. Steel-hatted wardens and police bolted for cover.

Frank Collier "Continued in his efforts to liberate a seriously injured woman."

Alone!

As the barrage thickened, she grew hysterical with fear and her struggles undid the spade-work of rescue. Surrounding bricks and charred beams once more collapsed.

Regardless of his own safety, heedless of shrapnel, Collier magnificently calmed her . . . and continued to dig her out.

Such is the way of the valiant when mortal men face all-compelling duty.

★ ★ ★

POST-WARDEN MABB was taking a bath in his own home when the sirens sounded. In the dry words of the A.R.P. reports, "Not being clothed at the time of the action warning he was unable to join his family in their shelter."

He had scarcely struggled into his trousers when he heard the ear-splitting whizz of a bomb.

The next instant he found himself pinned in disastrous darkness, held fast in acrid smoke and clogging dust, buried alive beneath his own "house of dreams."

Somehow he wriggled free.

He was violently shivering from shock. He ached from bruises. Here and there he felt the hot dabs of trickling blood.

Crawling slowly from beneath the crumpled debris, he hailed his wife in the Anderson.

With the two children, she was badly shaken.

Houses had been demolished and set ablaze by bombs. . . . It was one of those hectic moments when anyone would have been afraid

Yet he left her.

His was a wider duty.

Without a moment's delay he made his way to a damaged house near by where shocked and injured strangers might need succour.

Then, dazed, shaking, only partly clothed, his face and hands purple with bruises, he went to his post.

For six hours, having no further contact with his wife or children, giving no further thought to the pitiful ruins of his home, he remained there—until his superiors ordered him off duty.

His superiors?

These heroes are second to none.

★ ★ ★

SIXTY-SIX - YEAR - OLD Charlie Lowlett did his bit in the last war. This time he trained the others, giving lectures in first-aid.

He was instructing A.R.P. part-time workers in bandaging one evening when the sirens sounded. Rarely could the banshee have seemed more ironic, with nearly all his pupils bound up in antiseptic lint or muslin!

Unflurried, Charlie released them. The guns were barking as he ushered his flock to the refuge room. Before they could reach it, an H.E. sliced through the building and reduced the place to a shambles.

Tumbling debris knocked Charlie out for the count.

Then a trailing live wire slid to contact with his hand.

The stinging electric shock brought him round.

An immense weight seemed to be crushing every bone in his body. He could scarcely breathe.

Regardless of pain, when he had freed himself, he set to work to extricate the rest of the personnel.

Blood dripped down over his eyes.

Every movement meant an agonised effort.

Yet he refused to go to hospital.

"Let me help get the others out first!" he pleaded, "I'm all right!"

Only when every man was accounted for would he limp to the ambulance.

He had nearly been scalped.

He had three broken ribs.

In fact, his injuries proved so severe that he had to resign. Yet he had seen it through.

Superhuman? Rather, say, another human being made of the stuff of heroes.

Arabs Saw Through Dr. Grobba

DR. FRITZ GROBBA, Hitler's special envoy in Arabia, is in disgrace. He may be recalled from his post at Ibn Saud's court any day.

Ribbentrop has made Dr. Grobba his scapegoat for the failure of the German putsch in Irak, and he blames him for the anti-Axis attitude of the Arab world.

It would not be the first time that Grobba is threatened with the prospect of having to cut the intimate ties that bind him to the Arab world.

It all began in 1920, in the topsy-turvy years after the last war.

Dr. Grobba, who had served as a German officer with the Turkish Army, was on his way home when he met and fell in love with a Syrian girl from Aleppo. He decided not to go back to Germany but to stay with Ayesha in her native land.

He came so completely under her spell that he abandoned not only his European customs and his European dress, but even his religion. He became a Moslem and married his bride according to Mohammedan rites.

But his happiness did not last.

His wife died in the first year of their married life.

But even then the spell the Arab girl had cast over him had not broken.

Grobba did not return to Germany. He remained in Arabia, where his European mind and education, reinforced by his adopted Mohammedanism, quickly won him authority with the Arab leaders.

It was inevitable that the German Foreign Office, always on the look-out for German experts on the Middle East, should seize eagerly on Grobba, whom they regarded as heaven-sent.

But Grobba at first was not too eager to enter the official German service. In the end, however, he did consent.

And soon he was established in Baghdad as head of the German Intelligence Service.

It was in Baghdad that he had an adventure which almost compelled him to leave the Arab world.

Grobba set up a harem.

With German thoroughness he set about copying Moslem customs in all their aspects, and the funds which the Government put at his disposal enabled him to set up one of Baghdad's most talked-of seraglios.

The Arabs talked of it, too, and in terms unflattering to Grobba.

Then the bomb burst.

One of his wives turned out to be a Soviet agent.

The revelations which the Russians were able to make as a result of the paid indiscretion of this "wife" compelled Grobba to leave Baghdad.

It was then said that the German, although he had lived among the Arabs for so many years and had even taken their religion, would remain a German and never understand the Arab.

After a decent interval, when it was believed that the harem scandal had died down, the German Foreign Office sent Dr. Grobba out once more to the Middle East.

But now it is Ribbentrop as well as the Arabs who says: "That man is a muff—he will never understand the Arabs."

Incredible Things

What do YOU know about the incredible things that are actually happening in the world to-day?

Turn to page 19 at once and read all about JOHN BULL's great new war time privilege book opportunity, *Marvels of the Modern World*, available at a low privilege price to every reader who acts promptly!

WAR WORK TRUE STORIES, No. 5

From designing gowns... to making guns!

1. Seriously injured when bombed-out, Mrs. Burton was in hospital for two months...

2. Whilst convalescing, she began to think what she could best do to "get her own back on Hitler!"

3. One day she read Mr. Bevin's appeal for "more and more women *in the war factories.*"

4. That decided Mrs. Burton! She would temporarily give up dress designing and go into War Work!

5. In a Government Training Centre she was taught a new job and made swift and excellent progress in her training.

6. Now a seasoned worker in a war factory, Mrs. Burton is doing a grand job for her country—a really worth-while job.

In War Work you also can help beat the night-bomber—and bring victory nearer! Go—TO-DAY—to your Local Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and they will tell you how best to serve your country.

YOUR DUTY NOW IS WAR WORK

These stories are founded on fact; but the names used are fictitious.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR & NATIONAL SERVICE

THE LAST LAUGH

K. N. (Retford).—"As prices fluctuate such a lot, could you tell me what ripe strawberries should be at this time of the year?" Yes, eaten.

J. J. (Westgate).—"I was going up the stairs to my flat when the way was completely blocked by a man carrying a grandfather clock on his back." Why couldn't he wear a wrist-watch like everybody else?

A. P. (Thorne).—"I don't care for eggs if they are not boiled long enough." We don't much care so long as they are boiled soon enough.

LANCE-CORPORAL (Essex).—"I received a mysterious letter the other day marked 'Private.'" Apparently your correspondent hadn't heard of your promotion.

R. N. (Northampton).—"Some relations of mine who are coming here want me to find them a house, but all I can do at the moment is offer them rooms in mine." It seems as though they will have to put up with you.

L. D. (Hereford).—"My word, you ought to see my peas!" We ought to see our own but there are no signs of them.

G. N. (Hull).—"I can see the humorous side of everything." We must send you along our next income-tax demand.

ACCOUNTANT (Liverpool).—"After a hard day's work in the office, figures often dance before my eyes." We like to go to a revue occasionally, too.

H. M. (Malvern).—"I am a determined man and never take 'No' for an answer." You had better do our cigarette buying for us.

T. D. (Canterbury).—"Some nasty incidents occurred and the people got rather out of hand until it became known that I was behind them." Yes, but how far behind?

W. S. (Clapham).—"When you saw me the other day, did you take particular notice of my hair?" Which one?

J. J. (Ealing).—"Yesterday I saw you puffing and panting on the platform and shaking your fist at a departing train. Had you missed it?" Oh dear, no. We didn't like the look of it, so we chased it off the platform.

J. G. (Roehampton).—"To use an Americanism, my girl friend has got everything." Well, we hope you get some of it back.

B. E. (Folkestone).—"I kept up conversation with the distinguished guest for some time, but in the end confessed that I had just been concealing my ignorance." Did he agree?

R. G. (Yarmouth).—"I seem to have no clothes at all, yet my wife has asked for all my coupons. What had I better keep?" Indoors.

S. T. (Sleaford).—"Have you ever felt bent on having a game of cards with some pals?" Yes, and broke afterwards.

NIP (Dudley).—"I know a woman near here who killed two rabbits with one shot." Yes; but what was she aiming at?

ACTRESS (Hollywood).—"Out here I can live and do as I like and no one says anything." That's terrible. Why don't you hire a Press agent?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Belgrade is full of HUMOURS of an imminent ultimatum from Germany."

IRISH NEWS:—". . . following injuries received when his MOTHER-CAR was in collision with a motor-lorry."

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE EXPRESS:—"If salvageable material were kept separate, only ASHES, dust and sweepings would go into the dustbins.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"And, anyway, Sheik, in forty years from now Hitler will be ninety"

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Odol

TOOTH PASTE 7½d., 1/3, 1/10½
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax

Lumbago Gout, Sciatica

but Fynnon Salt got to the root of them all

This is his letter:

"Dear Sirs.—For years I suffered with lumbago, gout and sciatica, also corpulence. I am 63 years old. I commenced taking Fynnon Salt about 3 years ago. I was then just over 17 stone in weight. I am now 15 stone and the trouble has been eliminated from my system. If sufferers will give Fynnon Salt a trial they will be delighted. I cannot speak too highly of the results obtained."—F.F.S.

You, too, will be delighted with Fynnon Salt, if you are suffering from any form of rheumatism. Fynnon will wash away your rheumatic acids—the cause of the trouble. Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Including Purchase Tax.

NATURES SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

WHY WOMEN SHOULDN'T TAKE JUST ANY LAXATIVE.

It's natural enough. A woman is made differently from a man. When it comes to a thing like a laxative she needs one which is gentle in its action and one which in addition to washing away waste matters will act as a tonic for her liver as well.

Fortunately there is one laxative which serves this double purpose. It's called Karmoid, and it has the two-fold action every woman needs. Karmoid's first effect is gently to clear away all impurities and wastes without any purging or griping. Then it tones up and stimulates the liver to play its essential part in your well-being.

The result is really extraordinary. If you take just one little, pleasant-tasting Karmoid tablet to-night, you'll feel absolutely grand in the morning. Your depression will go, your energy increase. You'll be fitter for your work. Even your cares and worries will seem less important. Karmoid tablets are sold by all good Chemists. Only 1/5 a box. Family size 3/3. Get some before you forget.

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen, and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES

THIS YEAR—USE

SANGRAL

TEN-DAY FERTILISER

6d., 1/6, 3/- & 5/- Sold everywhere

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£200 for BULLETS and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS

PRIZES value £200

£50 FIRST PRIZE | £10 | £4 | £2 | 30/ 29/ 27/ 3 of 25/ | 30/ 60 of 26/

£50 First Prize:—"BULLETS" 1,277.
A. Fred, "Shamrock," Jasmine Rd., New Milton.
Example: EXTRAVAGANT
Bullet: "GOLLIWOGS." MASQUERADERS AS "WHEELERS."

£20: A. D. J. Crump, 203, London Road, Dail.
Ex.: Making Rationals.
B.: "Ella Baum," Everybody "Ambled."

£10: Mrs. M. I. Parker, 38, St. John's Cres., Sandown, I.O.W.
Ex.: Shows We're Rationing
B.: Baby "Put Out Thing."

£5: W. Walker, 24, Knock Eden Park, Belfast.
Ex.: Mixtures—Don't "Hold Of Buttercup."

£4: W. G. Bailey, 26, Albion Rd., N. Shields.
Ex.: In The Cock-pit—"Barnes" Blocks Window, Wooden.

£3: C. C. Wicker, 84, John's "A," Hillcrest Rd., Biggin Hill.
Example: Rationals—"Flying Fortresses"—And Stuff.

£2: J. Lowenthal, 72, Great Newton St., Liverpool.
Better Than Buying—"Rations Rest," "Rations First!"

30/: Mrs. E. Harrison, 10, Rose Way, Christchurch, Hants.
Shipshed Sand—Boredom, Bed "Bull's" Ready!

29/: S. Edwards, 14, Capel Place Tce., Pontypool, Mon.
Wrong Use Won't Oust—Sadly Regulation, Wrong Procedure!

27/: Mrs. W. Pearce, Saltcote Lane, Ansenley Woodhouse, Herts.
At The Recruiting Office—Gun—John's Already "Volunteer."

27/: C. Neave, 12, The Chase, Ickenham, Uxbridge.
Better Than Rie—Thinks Stalls, Pendant Handmaiden!

26/: J. B. Bennett, 40, Rebogue Rd., Edinburgh.
A Bit Tough—But I *Gertie* It!

A list of 3 Winners of 25/-, 30 Winners of 2/- and 60 Winners of 2/- 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,500 Merit Awards have also been posted.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, July 25.

$100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD NO. 220.

WINNING WORDS :—1. Bed. 2. Card or Board. 3. Beach. 4. Crash. 5. Hunt. 6. Rash. 7. Bonus. 8. Fast. 9. Rift. 10. Hatch. 11. Bacon. 12. Shop. 13. Face. 14. Refit. 15. Hunt.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER :
W. P. LAWRENCE, Imperial Stores, Ymuiderwyth, Glam.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 14 entrants.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

to any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO REBUILD BRITAIN
HISTORIC MOMENT
BOYS IN BLUE
NOBODY KNOWS
BLOW FOR THE B.B.C.
CORPORAL HENPECK
MUST BE STOPPED
"TAKE THAT!"
IMPOSSIBLE TASK
TIME IS FLYING, SO
OFFICE JEREMIAH
FOR LOVE
LIGHTNING WARFARE
TO FEATHER HIS NEST
SPORTSMANSHIP
BEFORE OUR EYES
MONEY TALKS, BUT
MIRACLE OF WORKMANSHIP
GOING UP IN SMOKE
OUR HEN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO GET THE.....
SECRET OF.....
TO SAVE HER .....
GIVE US THE ..... AND
NOW DAD'S GOT A.....
ADDING TO OUR.....

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE OVER £20
Each of the 45 chief winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EX. _____
B. _____
EX. _____
B. _____

These 2 FREE with 4 paid, thus giving 6 shots for 1s.

This paper only equally eligible.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.
P.O. Value.... No. .....
Signed.....
Address .....
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1,281 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 14
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AFFIX 1d. stamp in space provided and continue with "Bullets" or Xword Entry. Then make sure of your 3,500-word guide to success in "Bullets" & Xwords

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

HERE'S another batch of interesting Clues for you. Only 15 letters to fill in and a £100 cheque for the best set of Answers. Get busy on them now—AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT JOY WIRE ON FRIDAY, JULY 25.

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CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
Untidy folk are often caught napping by	T I D			
Reader finds added interest if it's worded in old-fashioned style	C H A T E R			
It's a waste to have a very polished one for a mere shanty	C H I R			
Provides protection at times of danger	W A R E N			
Lord Woolton doubtless finds it trying to cope with all kinds of these	F O O S			
Woman dislikes being thought this	A T			
One occasionally puts footballer out of his stride	B A K			
May perhaps cause feeling of distress at parting	W R E C H			
Cricketer's work will almost certainly suffer if he's compelled to do this	R U S			
Some find it hard to sleep owing to uncomfortable feeling of this	U N K			
Sometimes proves more attractive when part of a ring	S T O E			
In present circumstances buyer's not likely to find it so easy to get this	V A L E			
It's only natural for actor to be proud of his	P A T			
Get into this way and you may end up in trouble	S L C K			
For important work this should be decent size	A G E			

PLAIN PAPER used in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rule of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 14

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.
P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 2d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated August 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,281—or Xword No. 233. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)
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Half Guinea Work for 3/6 PLUS 1/- which includes Postage, Packing, Insurance, etc.
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"MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD"

ASTOUNDING Achievements! Incredible Inventions!! Miraculous Mastery of the Elements!!! This week "John Bull" invites its readers to accept one of the most amazing books ever published—"MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD." The story this thrilling work tells in nearly 140,000 words and over 300 astounding photographs is dramatic—tremendous—incredible—BUT ABSOLUTELY TRUE! You would gladly pay half-a-guinea for this volume, but because of its absorbing interest and genuine instructiveness to the whole family it is made available to prompt applicants at a low Privilege Price. SEND NO MONEY now for this wonder-book, but you must post the Order Label on right AT ONCE. Supplies are limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

Incredible but TRUE!

Just a few of the scores of modern marvels described in this amazing work.

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW of the incredible things that are happening in the world today? The magic of invisible rays—The marvels of radio—The development of television—The exploration of the heavens, plans to travel at 800 miles an hour—To seek life on Mars—To guide planes by radio—To film the sun, etc., etc.

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DO THIS NOW. Fill in Order-Label on right. Affix penny stamp for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "Marvels of the Modern World," Book Dept., J.J.1., Hings Langley, Herts. On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an Invoice which you then send back together with your remittance and your book will be sent to you.

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TIRED, WEAK RUNDOWN DEPRESSED

Here's an amazing tonic and food combined—a boon for the Tired, Weak, Depressed and Worried. It gives you a perfectly balanced daily ration of essential Minerals and Vitamins—substances so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself. For instance, one week's supply gives you as much IRON as 7 lbs. of BEEF, as much PHOSPHORUS as 73½ lbs. of APPLES, as much CALCIUM as 98 lbs. of BANANAS, as much Vitamin B as 7 pints of MILK. Vikelp Brand Tablets are made from a newly-discovered sea-plant and contain 9 essential Mineral Salts, Food Iodine and Vitamin B—give you extra nutriment and sustenance.

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FREE!

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet, crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 22, 120 124 Baker Street, London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp).

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YOU CAN HELP SHORTEN THE WAR

Builders—what you have already done in building Air-Stations, Aerodromes, Factories, Hostels, Oil-Storage Plants, Food Stores—what you have done to put bombed factories and buildings into action again must remain a secret until the war is over. But it is a wonderful job—and building operatives everywhere are playing their part in equipping the nation for victory. Keep it up—your effort is vital—it will help to shorten the war.

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Why not Radiant Health and Lovely FIGURE

LIFE assumes a rosier hue when you are looking and feeling radiant—able to tackle everything in your stride. Perfect health, your greatest wealth—can be your prized assets by taking Bile Beans nightly. Purely vegetable, Bile Beans act gently and naturally. They are the ideal tonic-laxative, which ensures smooth digestion and regular elimination and removes all fat-forming food waste.

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Take it!

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NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *'Elasto.'* Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal, piles disappear, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of the revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *'Elasto,' the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Write NOW for a generous free sample of Elasto and interesting Booklet explaining this new science of Natural Healing *and make the discovery of a lifetime. 'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

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